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AUGUST 18, 1978

ames Burnham on
HE SOVIET TRIALS
—SEE PAGE 1009

NATIONAL REVIEW

ABORT ERA!

WHEN THE VOTING SHOULD HAVE STOPPED

An Analysis by GROVER REES II

Also In This Issue:

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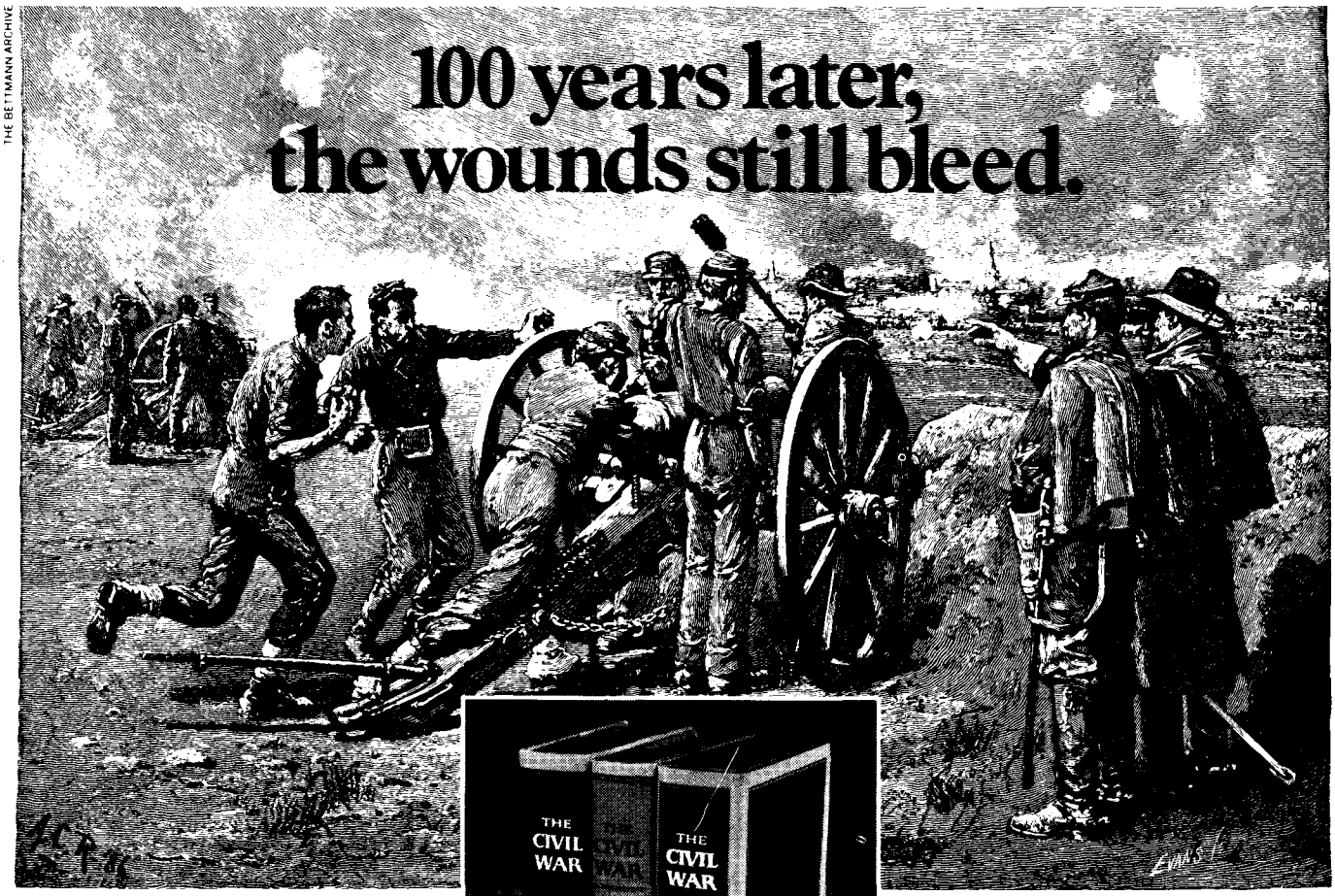

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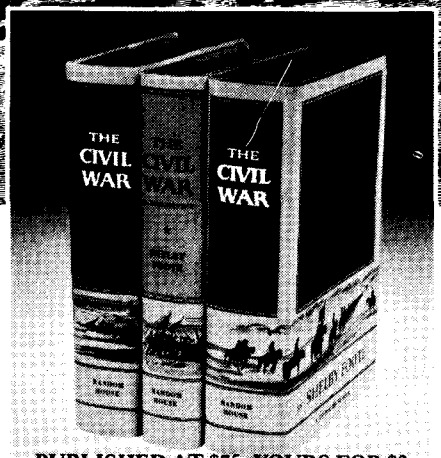

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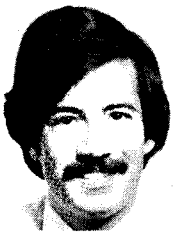
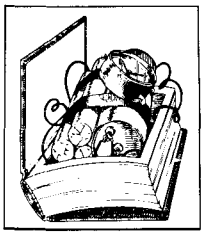


REES
Page 1010



UNTEL
Page 1024

SLATTERY
Page 1020

REHYANSKY
Page 1028

HART
Page 1031

MURCHISON
Page 1029

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

1010 **Abort ERA: When the Voting Should Have Stopped**
Most commentary on the ERA has focused on the effects of the amendment itself. But the debate over extension and rescission raises an even more important question: Who will control the Constitution?
Grover Rees III

1016 **Two Commencement Addresses**
There were two out-of-the-ordinary commencement addresses this season—one by a Russian, one by an American. An *NR* Contributor finds striking similarities between the two. *Gerhart Niemeyer*

1017 **About-Face in New York Schools**
In an effort to combat falling test scores among students, New York City schools have hit on the ingenious device of abolishing tests for personnel—except for the "genetic" test. *Herman Arthur*

1020 **Catholic—With a Capital C**
When New York State began handing out money to private colleges, only three Catholic schools resisted. The bread they cast upon the waters then appears now to be returning to them. *Kenneth F. Slattery*

1022 **The Little People's President**
How Carter has latched on to Little People's Lib. *Thomas W. Hazlett*

1024 **The University as Sanctuary**
In Latin America, university autonomy, designed to protect academic freedom against local tyrants, instead provides aid and comfort to foreign tyrants and local crooks. *Carlos Untel*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

1028 **Fire in the Dust**
Gulag III is more of the same, but also *more*: it's the story of how Stalin, by turning his prisoners into "politicals," planted the dragon's teeth that have plagued his heirs. *Joseph A. Rehyansky*

1029 **Man Overboard**
The Gulag is not just a fragment of the Stalinist past, as Simas Kudirka now reminds us. *William Murchison*

1030 **On the Horns**
Trotsky, who saw himself as Lenin's rightful heir, was prevented from occupying that position by his own psychology and Stalin's maneuverings. Two excellent new biographies trace Trotsky's dilemma.
Selden Rodman

1031 **Sui Generis**
Richard Nixon Confesses All—except why it took him so long to understand the modern political realities. *Jeffrey Hart*

1032 **Dispensable Man**
George Gilder demonstrates powerfully that the real problem of the young black criminal is a breakdown in the "sexual constitution." *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

1033 **Eating Ices in the West**
It is impossible to say abstractly whether self-absorption or engagement produces the best art. But the painter Igor Galanin has chosen the way that is right for him.
Richard Brookhiser

1034 **Culture and Gastronomy**
The Queen of the Lagoon and environs—a feast for both the palate and the eyes.
Nika Hazelton

1035 **Inventors' Expo '78**
If religious soap is not for you, how about an Ovulometer? *D. Keith Mano*

990 **Letters**
996 **For the Record**
998 **The Week**
1009 **The Protracted Conflict**
1014 **help!!!**
1023 **From the Continent**
1026 **From the Academy**
1037 **Dark Horses**
1040 **On the Right**
1042 **Trans-O-Gram**

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Letters

Learning from Big Brother

After reading Roger Freeman's extensive, disturbing article ["Uncle Sam's Heavy Hand in Education," Aug. 4], my thoughts could only turn, admiringly, to Hillsdale College. Hillsdale, we should never forget, is the school which has stoically resisted, on principle, all federal funds, knowing that along with the money would inevitably come direction. The Dartmouths, the Stanfords, the Michigans, meanwhile, were drinking greedily at the federal trough, unconcerned about the consequences.

And why should they have cared? Many of their professors were among those liberals theorizing about affirmative action, busing, and other sociological panaceas which could be imposed on the rest of us. Of course, it all boomeranged. By the time Kingman Brewster and others spoke out, it was too late: Eleanor Holmes Norton had Brewster's university caught by its purse-strings. As Mr. Freeman so ably demonstrates, Hillsdale's vision has been amply vindicated.

Hermosa Beach, Calif. PAUL LOUIS

Conservative Aristocrat

Establishment conservatives consist, like the rest of us mortals, of a mixture of smart people and dumb people, sophisticates and a variety of provincials. But its adherents often base their entire world view on the implicit assertion that they are the true *aristoi*, the born masters of the huddled masses. This sort of self-hypnosis renders them gullible.

Chilton Williamson's "Country and Western Marxism" [June 9] repeats the establishment line that every leftist who calls himself a "populist" is in fact a populist. But the idea that leftists are populists is pure establishment mythology. Self-styled "populists" on the left receive votes only from liberals, and are praised unstintingly in the liberal media.

Marxism—the real thing, not a disinclination to tea parties—is a product of peculiarly European circumstances over the last two centuries. The French Revolution and the ensuing quarter of a century of war and social upheaval led to a rightist reaction which doomed evolutionary movement, both in England and and on the Continent. Reaction to the Terror threw electoral reform back at least a generation. On the Continent Metternich's concept of Legitimacy distorted every aspect of European politics, both by preventing electoral and economic reform and by suppressing the natural development of modern European nationalism. The bases of both Marxism and Fascism were laid by that disastrous doctrine.

The American evolution is, therefore, truer to a natural development of Europe than the unfortunate European experience. To speak of "country and western Marxism," accordingly, reflects bad geography, the wrong electorate, muddled thinking, and a damned poor grasp of history.

Williamson's only specific demand is that genteel conservative critics such as himself be allowed to criticize, genteelly. My guess is that the public is tired of supercilious, directionless criticism. Nonetheless, if he can find a new, exciting way to tell people how contemptible they are, and how brilliant he is, there may be a market for it. But Mr. Williamson can hardly expect the authentic populists of the New Right to cheer him on. Catering to intellectual masochism strikes us as a pretty creepy pursuit. But then again, it struck us as creepy back when it was popular.

ROBERT W. WHITAKER
Washington, D.C.

Eloquence

I simply cannot run off enough copies of WFB's commencement address at Notre Dame University last month to satisfy my friends. It supplements Solzhenitsyn's address at Harvard in a positive way: the good are weary of the fight for truth; man is denying the nature of man, and forgetting that he has been redeemed; so it is to our youth who have been at campuses which teach the truths and sacrifice synonymous with Christianity that we look to save the future of America, and civilization.

SR. MARY LAWRENCE RILEY, VHM
St. Louis, Mo.

See p. 1016. —ED.

Callow Pragmatism

Sometimes I think James Burnham writes his books through distance vision and his articles through near vision. In "Protracted Conflict" [July 7] he is a thoroughgoing pragmatist, adapting policies facilely to "the way things have evolved" apparently without a thought about how things got that way. In *Suicide of the West* he knows how things got that way and how to reverse them. What would the net effect of our "global strategic framework" be if we were to abandon Taiwan? Does Mr. Burnham believe a fully recognized Red China can safely be relied

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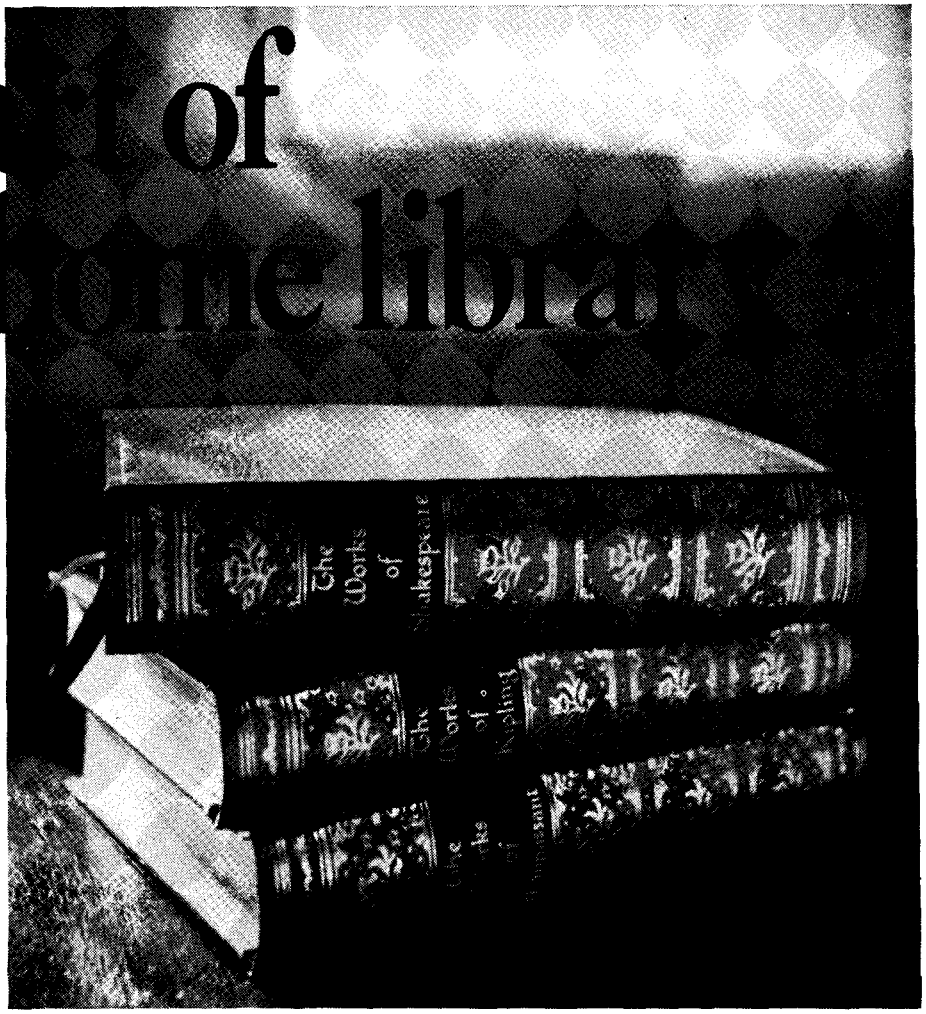

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upon to do what is moral and just for Taiwan with the United States effectively checked? Perhaps a cogent and moral U.S. policy might be based more firmly upon human rights, a passion for liberty, fair play, a duty to one's word, and firm but flexible opposition to imperialism and identified tyranny, than upon the callow pragmatism Mr. Burnham seems now to propose.

San Mateo, Calif. GENE K. BRUCE, MD

James Burnham offers some reflections on the Carter policy of retreat from the Panama Canal, Israel, and Taiwan, and pronounces it essentially good. It is a pity that Mr. Burnham's view of the global situation should be as clouded as that of Mr. Carter. In a perceptive essay of 1946 on Burnham's influential *Managerial Revolution*, after listing a series of his dire and incorrect prophecies, George Orwell wrote that "at each point Burnham is predicting a continuation of the thing that is happening."

After some forty years, Burnham's mind-set is the same, except that now he concocts intellectual apologies for the nerveless policies of the State Department. Most Americans recognize that the giveaway of the Canal, the undermining of Israel, and the threatened abandonment of Taiwan are simply steps in the United States' rapidly accelerating defection from its global responsibilities. In particular, the betrayal of the Republic of China on Taiwan would be not only one of the most morally shameful acts in the entire history of American foreign policy; it might very well lead to a precipitate collapse of what remains of our position in the Western Pacific.

Washington, D.C. CHARLES A. MOSER
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To Control the New Class

M. Stanton Evans' article "Who Shall Write the Law?" [July 7] is straight and to the point: for many reasons, including those mentioned in George Nash's article on egalitarianism in the same issue, the upper levels of the Washington bureaucracy increasingly belong to the "verbalists," the "New Class," the Gucci Populists"—men and women corrupted by the insolence of power. Collectively they engage in constant, niggling, impudent, unreasonable, and imprudent interference with the conduct of the private sector, on their own and frequently in defiance of the legislative will.

The problem with the solution proposed by Mr. Evans (congressional veto over Executive Branch action) is that it drills an unconstitutional hole in the dike called Separation of Powers. Generic legislation, not one-time riders to appropriations bills or congressional veto power over Executive Branch action, is needed to curb the mischief of the New Class.

Washington, D.C. DAVID G. HANES

For the Record

In Edward Shapiro's brief review of *The Pursuit of Happiness* [July 7] by William B. Scott, he erroneously referred to "John Taylor of Carolina." That should read "John Taylor of Caroline," a lovely Virginia county, with no connection to the Tarheel state.

Bumpass, Va. DAVID BLACK

American Samizdat

Up until the arrival of my most recent NATIONAL REVIEW ["Solzhenitsyn at Harvard," July 7], I had seen 29 disjointed excerpts, 67 negative rebuttals by renowned liberals, 15 negative editorials, five detailed but non-definitive analyses by upstanding conservatives, and a barrage of other comments, both good and bad, by a bunch of people who had not read the Solzhenitsyn address any more than I had. How invigorating to have NATIONAL REVIEW tear away the veil of Soviet-like secondary censorship of this address. Now I can see what the man actually said.

Springfield, Va. P. T. BOHALL

Too Close for Comfort

As a former member of the National Lawyers Guild, persuaded out of it partly by the writings in your magazine on "selective indignation," I especially appreciated Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column on Alan Dershowitz [June 23].

I belonged to a class of persons who joined and then continued to belong to the NLG, not especially active, but belonging because the Guild was doing some things of which I approved. Paraphrasing Bolt's Thomas More, "much membership is mere sloth." Many members, primarily engaged in other affairs, do not believe sufficiently to induce unbelief. Put differently, they do not engage enough in the activities of the Guild to learn its nature. The experience, as Mr. Dershowitz proves, is enlightening.

New York, N.Y. ALAN L. GALLAGHER

Debating the Shroud

Well, gentlemen, since you ask ["The Week," July 7], I'll tell you why some Christians are uninterested in the Shroud of Turin:

1. The evidence, to the extent that we are aware of it, indicates that the image retained in the cloth is someone other than Jesus. The Shroud's image represents some person's appearance: face and body. The historical account of Christ's entombment, which Christians accept as accurate, states that Jesus' face had been wrapped with a separate cloth (John 20:7). Even if a shroud covered both the body and the wrapped face of Christ, it seems unlikely that the face would etch as clearly as the body did into the Shroud, if it etched at all.

2. Christ, Moses, Paul, et al. told us to internalize God's teaching. So essential to Him is the communication of this teaching that John actually described Christ as the Word. His meaning, not His appearance, is what matters. All else is distraction and, accordingly, counterproductive.

3. So who needs the Shroud? Pictures of persons are most useful when their appearance is their importance: Farrah, Raquel, John Travolta. James Burnham's photograph does not accompany "The Protracted Conflict," and who cares? Burnham's wisdom and personality constitute his essence; his readers can know what he looks like without ever seeing his picture. Similarly, we have Christ's message and can see Him in it. We can even have the Living Christ in our personal lives (that is, we can if we believe He was telling the truth). So why would we want a faint outline of a dead body—unless we find dead bodies easier to deal with than the Living Truth?

Roselle, Ill. GEORGE ERTEL

1. I do not see why such "etching" would be "unlikely"—that is, more unlikely than the whole sequence of death, resurrection, and so forth. The whole thing is so

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How to make "Proposition 13" government work all across the country—and especially in Washington

Yes, we CAN get rid of big government. David Friedman has fresh, sometimes startling ideas

- "Greedy capitalists get money by trade. Good liberals steal it."
- "Special interest politics is a simple game. A hundred people sit in a circle, each with his pocket full of pennies. A politician walks around the outside of the circle, taking a penny from each person. No one minds; who cares about a penny? When he has gotten all the way around the circle, the politician throws fifty cents down in front of one person, who is overjoyed at the windfall. The process is repeated, ending with a different person. After a hundred rounds, everyone is a hundred cents poorer, fifty cents richer, and happy."

The libertarian case for freedom is no longer unfamiliar. But David Friedman picks up where the others leave off, in two major respects:

- His case for private property is fresh.
- He dares to go beyond attractive theory to offer arresting, *workable* ways to "sell the State in small pieces."

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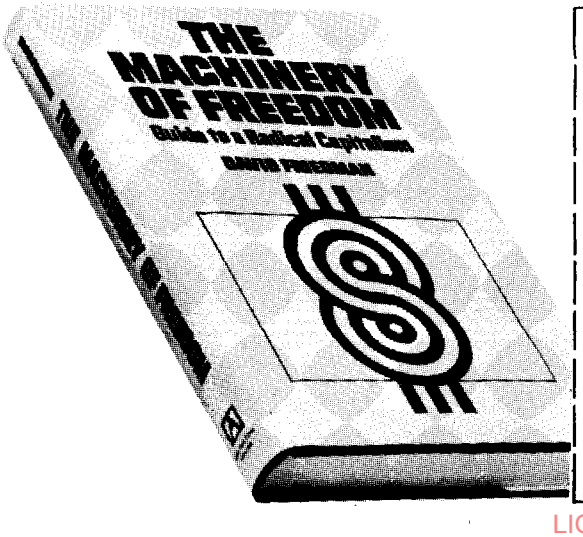

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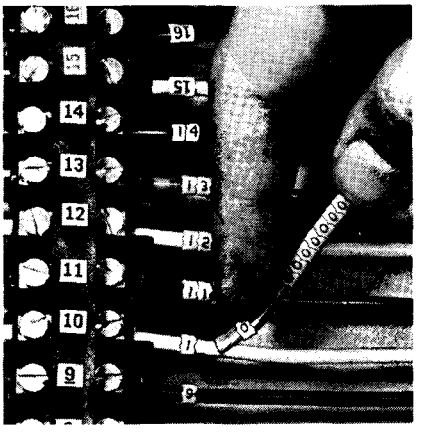

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unlikely that it simply beggars the imagination. But nonetheless it seems to have happened.

2. As to "internalizing," well, fine, but something *out there has to exist before it can be internalized. What is it that exists* out there? *Mr. Ertel's "word," from "In the beginning there was the word," incorrectly translates the Greek word* logos, *which does not mean something entirely verbal but also "universal order." As Paul ("et al.") says, unless Christ has risen our faith is in vain. That rising was presumably not a purely internal event, though its meaning certainly can be internalized.*

3. All this is okay, in a way, but question-begging. Christianity makes specific historical claims about actual events. Christianity is not all "message." It is highly "carnal," its central doctrine called "incarnation." Any support those very definite historical claims get is important.

—JH

Bitter Pill

Clare Boothe Luce's "Only Women Have Babies" [July 7] has two flaws. The first is that it accepts the Malthusian world-view too readily. Animal populations have been observed to rise and fall as the available resources have risen and fallen, and, in the same way, the "population explosion" might be a simple response by the human population of this planet to its environment. In any event, it makes more sense to argue that crime, inflation, and so on have increased because the individual members of the human species have become more self-centered and materialistic over the years (another condition more probably caused by abundance than by scarcity) than to argue that there are simply too many of us.

The second flaw in her article, the biggie, is related to the first: "What theological objections could the Pope himself raise to a birth-control method that simply permitted parents to choose a son in preference to a daughter? . . ." Why do you think the Pope objected to the Pill? For theological reasons? Nope, for moral ones: because he knew that "conjugal acts made intentionally infecund" would only lead to a lowering of the moral standards of a community. (I wonder if even he foresaw, not yet ten years ago, articles in *Ladies Home Journal* on how to get abortions.) Okay, how do you think he's going to feel, then, about a suggestion that we change the male-female ratio of this planet—not one to one, but three or eight to one—causing a rise in such things as homosexuality and "the involuntary death rate among surplus inseminators" as they "take to killing one another for the privilege of possessing a woman exclusively?"

Allentown, Pa. DON SCHENK

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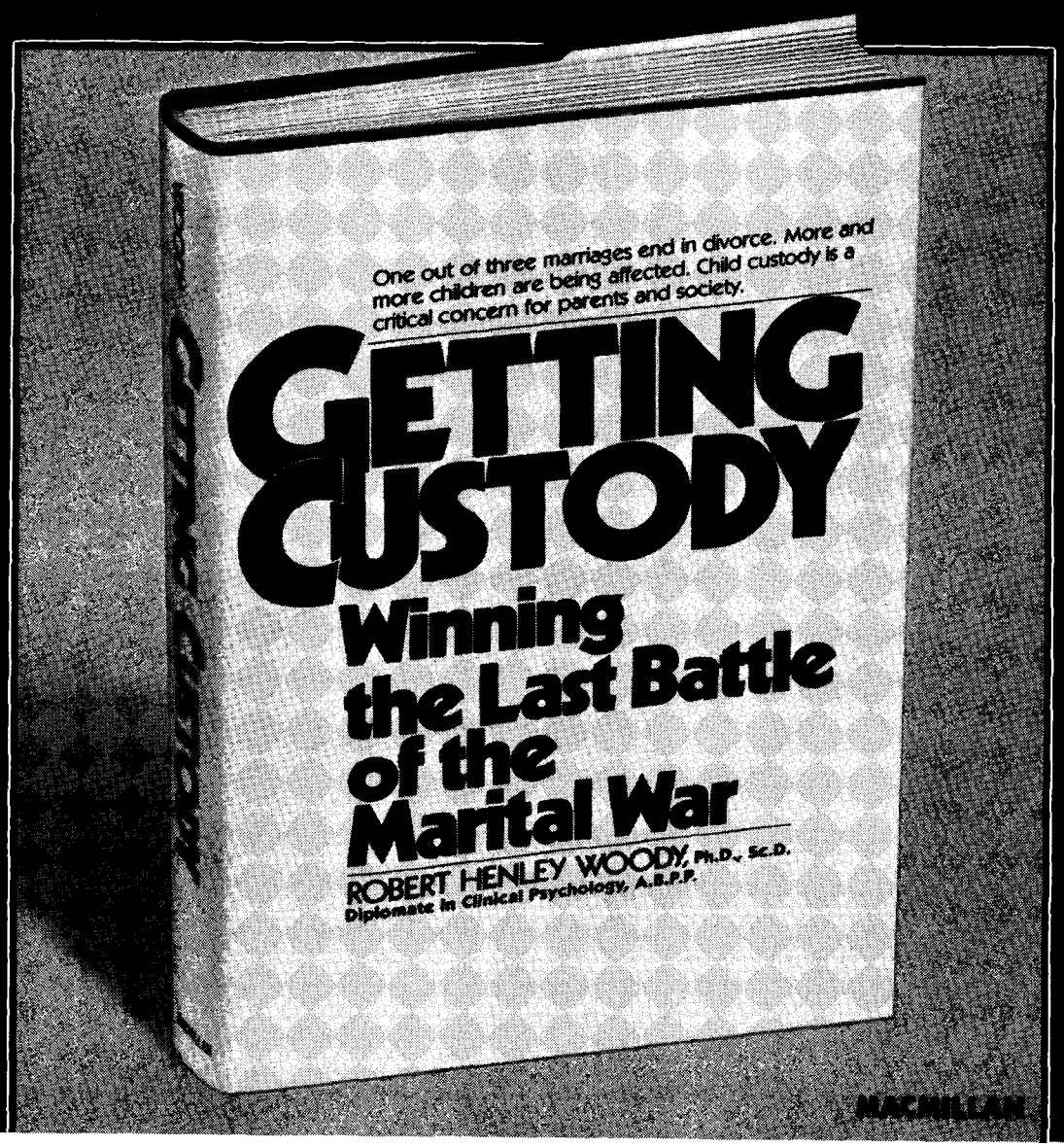
Associate Clinical Professor of Psychiatry, George Washington University School of Medicine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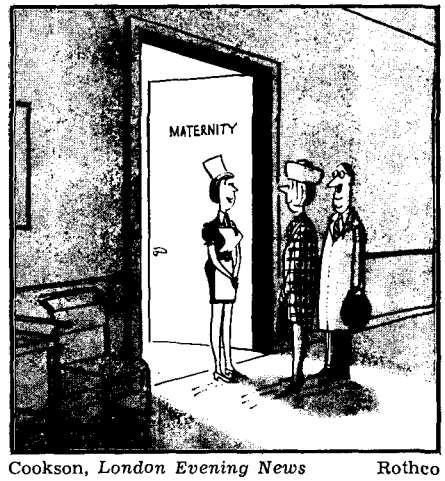
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's August and politicians throughout the land are getting back into the saddle. Rep. **Philip Crane** (R., Ill.) became the first Republican formally to enter the GOP presidential race on Aug. 2—an announcement not altogether to the liking of the **Reagan** camp. The effect: Reagan's Launch Day will be advanced—color it late spring or early summer '79. . . . And the early fall primaries are now coming up. In Kansas, **Nancy Landon** (daughter of Alfred M.) **Kassenbaum** won out over a field of eight in the Republican senatorial primary to replace retiring **James Pearson**. Her slogan: "A fresh voice, a trusted Kansas name." Her politics: pro-Panama Canal treaties, pro-legalized abortion. . . . But the big ones are in September. Massachusetts is Sept. 19, and all is confusion with former **Nixon** aide **Howard Phillips** entering the lists as a conservative Democrat. That so nonplussed the ADA that it has endorsed the leftwardmost three of the six other Democrats: **Paul Guzzi**, **Elaine Noble** (campaigning as an avowed lesbian), and Rep. **Paul Tsongas**. . . . On the Republican side, Sen. **Edward Brooke** has the edge over conservative **Avi Nelson**, but **Edward King**, the conservative Republican gubernatorial candidate, is expected to win his primary race and to face Gov. **Michael Dukakis** in November. . . . In New York's Sept. 12 primary there's no trouble in store for Republican-Conservative **Perry Duryea**, but Democratic Gov. **Hugh Carey** has a race on his hands against Lt. Gov. **Mary Ann Krupsak** and some smaller fry. Duryea reportedly is running even with, or ahead of, Carey in private polls. . . . Conservative **Bill Armstrong** is expected to win his GOP senatorial primary in Colorado, and polls show him slightly ahead of senatorial incumbent **Floyd Haskell**.



Cookson, *London Evening News* Rotheo

"Test tube and baby are both doing fine!"

■ In a single week, **Jimmy Carter** has managed to offend **Teddy Kennedy**, who found Carter's national health insurance program "inadequate," and that other influential Massachusetts pol, Majority Leader **Tip O'Neill**. Carter did that one by agreeing to the firing of an O'Neill crony, **Robert Griffin**, who held the Number Two spot in the GAO. Also mad at Carter: **George Meany**, over the national health plan, and **Douglas Fraser** of the more militant United Auto Workers, over life in general. Says Fraser: For the first time in many years there is talk about the need for political action independent of the Democratic and Republican Parties among labor leaders. "I'm not there yet.". . . Meanwhile, Democratic National Chairman **John White** is calling on the party to support the President and has criticized "the cheap shots" some hard-pressed Democratic candidates have been taking at Jimmy Carter. He was talking about New Jersey Democratic senatorial candidate **Bill Bradley** (opposed by conservative **Jeff Bell**) and **Andrew Miller** of Virginia, whose front-running opponent, **Dick Obenshain**, was killed last week (**John Warner**—Mr. **Liz Taylor**—may now get the GOP nod).

■ Good news and bad on conservative publication front. Former *NR* Washington editor **George F. Will** hit the Number One spot on the *Washington Post Book World* best-seller list July 30, with his collection *The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Sobering Thoughts*. . . . Former Treasury Secretary **William Simon**'s readable (and scary) *A Time for Truth* is in its sixth printing, 100,000 copies. . . . The bad news: **Neil McCaffrey** has resigned as president of the Conservative Book Club and Arlington House publishers in a policy disagreement with the president of the parent company, Starr Broadcasting.

■ A couple of interesting votes in the Senate. By 94 to 0, the Senate has approved a modified amendment requiring the President to consult with the Senate prior to making any move to change the United States–Republic of China (**Taiwan**) Mutual Defense Treaty of 1954. The amendment was offered by **Bob Dole** and co-sponsored by—get this—Democratic Sens. **Alan Cranston**, **Frank Church**, **Edward Kennedy**, and **John Glenn**, among others. . . . By a vote of 58 to 29, the Senate also has voted to require a **balanced federal budget** by the beginning of fiscal year 1981.

■ No one's perfect: From the classified ad column of *Saturday Review*: "We wish to apologize publicly to the 796 members of the **World Stamp Collectors' Society** who went to Norwalk, Connecticut, instead of Norwalk, California, for our annual convention because of a printer's error in our invitation."

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ENERGY FOR WHAT?

We Americans have been warned repeatedly: we cannot expect to go on living the way we did in 1973 before the OPEC oil embargo. Things are going to be different in 1985 and by the year 2000, we are told, they'll be dramatically different.

The clear implication, of course, is that things will be rough in 1985 and worse by 2000. Life will be meaner. And, if not less to live for, there will be less to hope for.

Even though that prospect is both dim and questionable, it has faced only the most desultory challenges. Instead, debate has centered around the proper tactics to postpone Doomsday, the most likely date on which Doomsday will occur should we fail to agree on how to delay it, how much profit if any should be permitted those who keep the wheels humming until then, and other questions similarly remote from the basic issue.

The basic issue, it seems to us, is not Conservation versus Development, not Environment versus Energy, not Soft-Paths versus Hard. What matters most is not whether the higher price of oil goes to the producers as profit or the Government as taxes—nor even that the consumer pays the same regardless. The issue is that *none of the alternatives being argued is relevant if all it can promise is to slow our slide downhill.*

What is being exposed in this long, drawn-out haggling over Energy Policy may not be the short-fall of our resources, nor the weakness of our will, nor the inefficiency of our democracy. What is being exposed may be the paucity of our vision.

We Americans never expected to go on living the way we did in 1973 before the embargo. We expected each year to be sufficient unto itself and each one to be different.

What do we expect of 1985? Of the year 2000? What, for that matter, do we expect of 1980? Certainly not to be still arguing the issues of 1978!

Quite simply and matter-of-factly, we cannot begin to resolve the question of Energy without first resolving the question of "Energy for What?"

What kind of a country do we want to live in? What kind of a society do we intend to build? What kind of a world do we wish to shape?

Are we ready to retire from world leadership? Have we lost our faith in progress and exploration? Have we run out our string of dreams—dreams that were so palpable in the past and seem so elusive today? Or do we still have "promises to keep"?

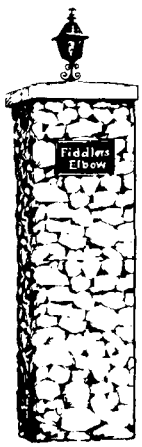
Is the world's most highly-developed nation ready to shift into neutral gear while its plants and equipment coast into obsolescence, its technology languishes, and its buildings deteriorate toward landmark status or await conversion by the arsonist into insurance claims?

"The cause of America," Tom Paine wrote in *Common Sense,* "is the cause of the whole world." Isn't it still?

More than energy policies upon which to build a vision of the future, we need a vision of the future upon which to build our energy policies.

With that in mind, we have invited a number of distinguished thinkers to join us in a continuing exploration of the question "Energy for What?" Because the issue goes to the heart of what this nation stands for it belongs, quite properly, to all the American people. For that reason, we are taking the unusual step of carrying our concerns beyond the confines of our membership through this and other thoughtful publications.

We welcome your comments and invite your inquiries.



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COUNTRY CLUB

Fiddler's Elbow, a corporate membership club, offers an executive environment designed to permit a more leisurely and, consequently, more thoughtful approach to business.

On September 12, 1978, Senators Dewey F. Bartlett and James Abourezk, distinguished members of the Committee on Energy and Natural Resources, will join Herman Kahn, director of the Hudson Institute, to present their views on "Energy for What?" This luncheon meeting for members and guests is the first in a series of explorations we are planning on this subject. For further information:

Mr. L. P. Higgs
General Manager
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THE WEEK

■ According to a poll by the *Baltimore News American*, 74 per cent weren't sure they would vote against suspended governor Marvin Mandel, notwithstanding his conviction for bribery and conspiracy. And in Illinois, a candidate for the state legislature has won his primary despite being charged with eight counts of flashing at schoolgirls. We're off to another normal election year.

■ The supposedly modest postal union settlement—a 19.5 per cent pay increase over three years—would be more comforting if postal wages had not already risen a third faster than average private wages since 1971, ending up almost 50 per cent higher. The Postal Service is obviously burdened by too many idle hands and expensive offices, and not enough modern technology. Seniority rules leave postal workers with little incentive to innovate or upgrade their skills; monopoly and federal subsidies ($1.8 billion) leave postal managers with little incentive to watch costs. An excellent new American Enterprise Institute study of these issues by Professor Douglas Adie concludes that the best way to improve postal service and to restrain costs is to denationalize the business and end the postal monopoly on first class mail.

■ America's oldest and canniest—and, surely, its most indefatigable—litigant is at it again. Alger Hiss, who was convicted of perjury almost thirty years ago, is *still* trying to have his conviction overturned, this time in a *coram nobis* petition (a little-used writ that directs a court to take note of and correct an error of fact not appearing in the trial record) to the New York Federal District Court. Hiss and the National Emergency Civil Liberties Foundation, which brought the action on his behalf, contend that new evidence—gleaned from 60,000 government documents obtained by Hiss under the Freedom of Information Act—proves that his Fifth and Sixth Amendment rights were violated in the trial. This *coram nobis* petition alleges that the prosecution knowingly permitted Whittaker Chambers to perjure himself; withheld evidence proving the famous Woodstock typewriter could not have belonged to Hiss; employed informers who infiltrated his team of lawyers; and misrepresented key testimony that linked Hiss to Chambers. Ho-hum. One wonders whether these documents are the same ones that Allen Weinstein waded through before concluding, after careful research and considerable soul-searching, that Hiss was guilty as charged.

■ The Senate voted, 73 to 1, to cut off nearly all American trade with Idi Amin's Uganda, particularly the importation of coffee. The bill is not perfect. Most American coffee companies have already boycotted Uganda, following a House resolution urging them to do so voluntarily. Uganda sends only a third of its coffee crop to America anyway, and Europe will probably take up the slack. There is also the inevitable hypocrisy: "We must make it United States policy," declared Senator Lowell Weicker, "that we will not do business with a government of genocide." What Weicker should have said was "*weak* governments of genocide," since we have no objection to trading with the world's greatest killers (Russia, China), their friends (Cuba), or even their former friends (feelers may soon be going out to Albania). If the law encourages Uganda's remaining trading partners to follow suit, however, it will have been worth it.

■ Marxist scholarship rides again. The University of Maryland led off the season by trying to appoint Marxist Bertell Ollman as chairman of the Department of Politics and Government. ("A correct understanding of Marxism leads automatically to its acceptance . . . ," Ollman has said. "Our task is to make more revolutionaries.") Now Harvard has announced that it will award its chair of Australian studies to Professor Manning Clark. Clark, another Marxist, has been the dean of Australian historians for years, but now that position is in dispute. Clark's latest work, *In Search of Henry Lawson*, was branded by Professor Colin Roderick, of James Cook University, Townsville, a "tangled thicket of factual error, speculation, and ideological interpretation." In a recent issue of *The Australian*, Bob Ryan, a history grad student at Macquarie University, Sydney, called Clark "sloppy and careless in the presentation of information. . . . Many of Clark's references to people and situations tend to present, as fact, that which is nothing more than Clark's fancy. This is not to say that a mature historian ought not to offer an interpretation of the facts; it is to say that the interpretation should not supplant the facts." Clark's answer: "On principle I never reply to criticism. The best answer is to get on with your work and ignore the critics."

■ SOVIET JUSTICE: Professor Richard Pipes of Harvard reports in a letter to the *New York Times* that having once met Shcharansky at a small social occasion in Moscow in the summer of 1975, he was surprised to read in

Cruise Missile Test

It spurted smartly from the sub,
But soon the splash became a "glub,"
As, soaring briefly toward the sky,
It dove beneath the sea, to die.
Thus fizzled Jimmy Carter's ace
To take the B-1 bomber's place.

W. H. VON DREELE

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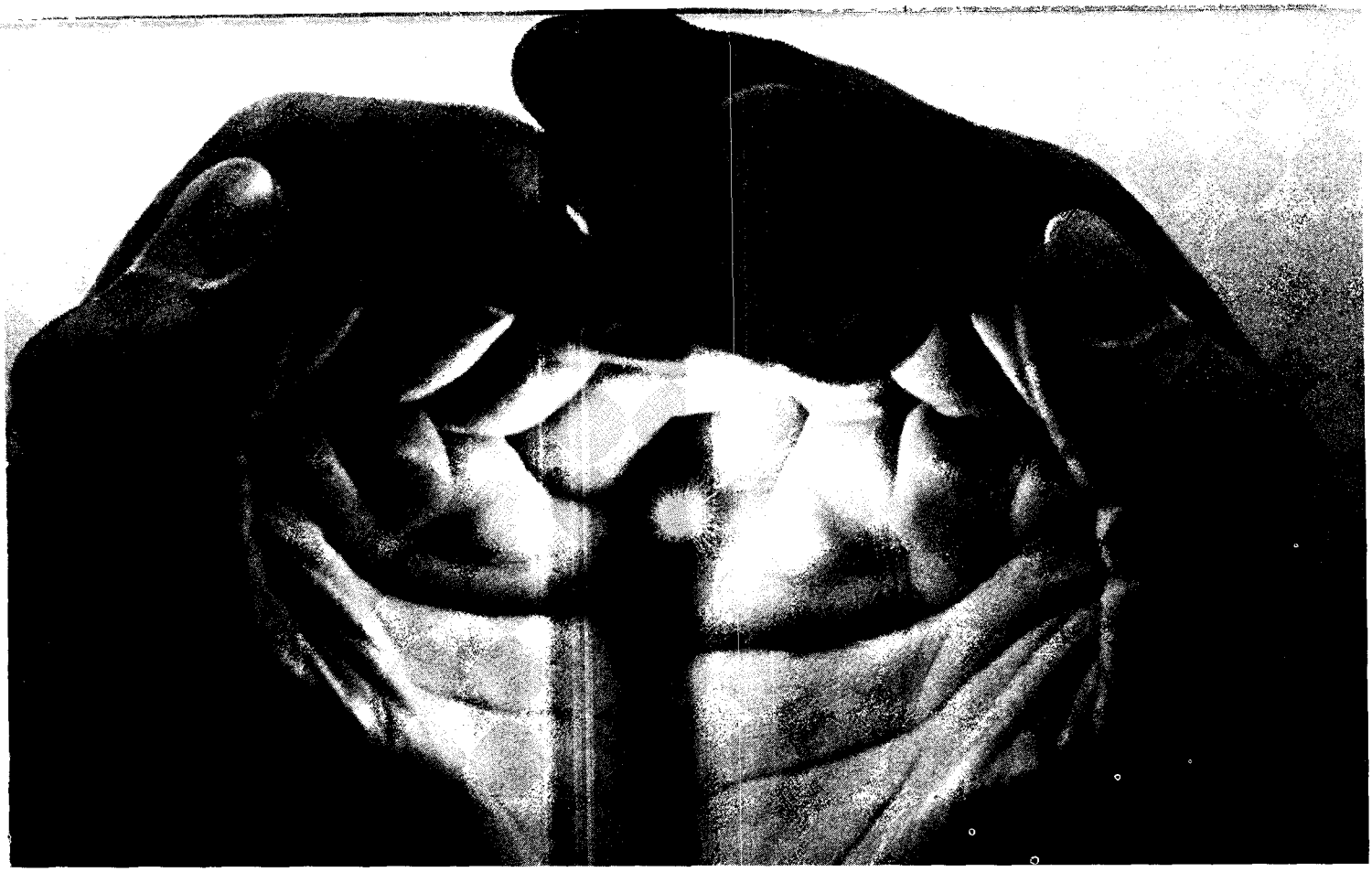
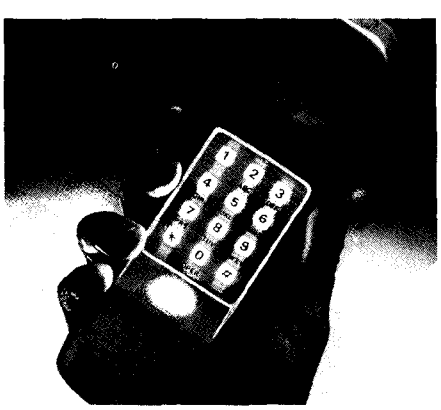


The longest lasting light under the sun.



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These advantages, along with long life, give product designers more flexibility. And that permits us to build more features and services into the equipment we produce for Bell System customers.

Continuing Innovation

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Working together to keep your phone system the best in the world.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Can Crane do it? As the first announced candidate for the GOP presidential nomination in 1980, Representative Philip Crane (R., Ill.) faces long odds. The House is not known as a breeding ground for Presidents; Crane is not well known nationally outside conservative circles; his opponents, both within and without the party, will point to his involvement in conservative causes and organizations as evidence of extreme-right-wing-itis; Ronald Reagan still commands the loyalty and affection of many of the same party regulars who would be Crane's natural constituents.

Nevertheless, although the odds are long, Crane very definitely has a shot at a first-place finish. He sits on the most important committee in the House, Ways and Means; he has authored and sponsored important legislation during his ten-year tenure; and his voting record is solid and consistent. As the first-announced candidate, he will be in heavy demand on the interview/talk show circuit, thus automatically solving his name-recognition problem. As chairman of the American Conservative Union and long-time campaigner for conservative candidates and causes, he has both IOUs and organizational support to call on—certainly more than Jimmy Carter could claim in 1974. Furthermore, as a long-time advocate of tax cuts and limited government, he stands on the right side of what promises to be one of the most potent issues of 1980.

The charge of ultra-conservatism may prove difficult to cope with. But that is more a problem for the general election. In the Republican primaries, conservatism in the pursuit of the nomination will be no vice. And no one who watches Crane perform in person catches a whiff of extremism. He is articulate, possesses a sense of humor—a rare quality in any politician, liberal or conservative—and is highly intelligent, with an earned PhD in history.

His first time out as a candidate, appearing as guest on ABC's *Issues and Answers,* Crane received high marks from Washington's professional politician-watchers. When asked, for instance, about his lack of administrative experience, Crane replied, "Abraham Lincoln had no administrative experience." The questioner didn't follow up. Crane seemed intent on keeping his answers straight and his rhetoric low-key, leaving the emotion to his fellow guest, Jack Kemp. Kemp, as he always does on such occasions, used each question as a springboard for a passionate pitch for the Kemp-Roth tax-cut bill. Crane, by tacitly agreeing with the thrust of Kemp's remarks while not specifically discussing Kemp-Roth, managed both to align himself solidly with the tax-cutters and to avoid saddling himself with any one programmatic approach which could well be passé by 1980. Things like Laffer curves have a way of coming back to haunt national politicians.

By avoiding a single-issue candidacy, emphasizing the positive and the upbeat, putting contemporary issues into philosophical perspective, eschewing the old knee-jerk rhetoric of the Right, resisting the conservative impulse to work out ingenious and detailed solutions that no one asked for to massive national problems (*vide* Ronald Reagan's $90-billion transfer program, which may have cost him the nomination), Crane should have minimal trouble in defusing the extremism charge.

The Ronald Reagan problem, however, will be much less easy to deal with. For as long as Reagan continues to play Hamlet, Crane has every right—even a duty—to seek the support of Republican conservatives. But if and when Reagan does announce, both men will be courting the same convention delegates, and Crane will be forced to decide whether to slug it out with Reagan or withdraw.

Could Crane take Reagan? That's not a question conservatives here are ready to try to answer. But whatever happens over the long run, the consensus is that Crane is rendering an invaluable service to the conservative movement by making the race. As one strategist points out, there is a desperate need to develop a national cadre of conservative leaders within the Crane-Kemp forty- to fifty-year age bracket. If Crane runs a credible campaign he will automatically become a national figure, one of the first of the new generation of conservative legislators to be known beyond conservative circles.

■ Lest we forget: For a $13,000 fee, the Independent Truckers Association, convening in Arlington, were treated to some of the inimitable eloquence of former President Gerald Ford. In his closing remarks, responding to a question about National Health Insurance, Ford suggested that Carter "hold back the so-called National Health Insurance program, which is just another way of describing—uh—a federal health program."

—CATO

the press that the Soviet prosecutor charged Shcharansky with having met Pipes for the purpose of "receiving Zionist instructions and advice on how to carry out anti-Soviet propaganda." Actually, Pipes only volunteered to give Shcharansky's wife a ring when visiting Israel, but, in the end, even this contact was not made. The Soviets never troubled to ask Pipes about it and, as he notes, this "tells volumes about the nature of their case against Shcharansky."

■ The Shroud of Turin has taken another step out of the religious closet. *Science*, a respected magazine of large influence in the scientific community, has a long article on the Shroud in its July 21 issue. It suggests that the mysteries of the Shroud are perplexing even the secular humanists. A team of American scientists has become fascinated enough with the Shroud to plan an incredibly complicated investigation of its secrets. Representing a variety of disciplines—aerodynamics, physics, chemistry, and computer-enhanced image analysis—they hope to get their chance later this year when the Shroud is publicly displayed to celebrate its four hundredth anniversary at Turin. The techniques will include infrared radiation, high-resolution photography, "microvacuuming" (passing air through the cloth to a filter to collect particles for chemical analysis), among others. What do

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they expect to find? "i) The ingenuity of an extraordinarily clever fourteenth century forger [considered unlikely], ii) a rare but explicable natural phenomenon, or iii) the physics of miracles."

■ Johnny Norton attends the Beauvoir Summer Camp in upper northwest Washington, D.C.—a fact which is of no particular interest, except that Johnny has been going to classes in a chauffeur-driven Oldsmobile ostensibly reserved for the business activities of the head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, who is also his mother, Eleanor Holmes Norton. Questioned by the *Washington Post*, Mrs. Norton conceded that the Beauvoir School was "not on my way to work [it's about five miles off]." An EEOC aide asserted that he had gotten a verbal opinion from the Justice Department that agency heads were "not limited" by the relevant statute; but officials at Justice do not remember making such a statement: "I don't see," said one, "how taking kids to school can be exempt." Normally, Johnny would just take a subway—although by the time the Washington system is finished, he will probably be in college.

■ If you have been losing sleep over why it is that all efforts to organize a Communist Party in the U.S. independent of both Moscow and Peking have thus far failed, rest easy. We have the answer. "The failure," reports the far-left *Guardian*, which bird-dogs these things, "is largely a result of 'dogmatism,' 'ultra-leftism,' and 'flunkeyism'—the latter being the tendency to accept mechanically and uncritically the view of the Communist Party of China."

■ Mr. Joseph Paunicka of the First Federal Savings & Loan of Gary, Indiana, thought it would be a lovely idea to give rosebushes to new depositors at his institution. Whereupon he was arrested by the Indiana state entomologist (yes, entomologist). It seems that giving rosebushes away is a crime, at least in Indiana. Now Mr. Paunicka has obtained a nurseryman's license, and lo! he is suddenly qualified to give bushes to new depositors. The state has withdrawn all charges.

■ It is revealed that HEW has 144,256 regular employees, and 980,217 "outside" employees whose salaries it pays. Exulted HEW Secretary "Smokin' Joe" Califano, "We are over one million!"

■ A few headlines from the news: "Mortgage rates nearing 7 per cent"; "DJAI: 896.23"; "Living Cost Rise Largest in Two Years—0.5 per cent"; "Penn Central Net Up"; "100 Concorde SST Jets in Planning"; "Gold—$39.05 per troy ounce." Oops. Those are stories from ten years ago, August 1968.

■ Here's the latest list of products the Consumer Product Safety Commission deems hazardous, in order: bicycles; stairs; football; baseball; playground swings; lawnmowers; skates; swimming; tables; and beds.

■ The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare announces that it is going to try, don't hold your breath, to reduce overslops in three of its biggest troughs, Medicake, Aid to Families with Democratic Children, and Supplementary Socialist Income, to a mere 4 per cent wastage, an error rate that would turn any business in the country belly up.

Test Tube Baby

On July 25, at Oldham General and District Hospital in Lancashire, England, a female baby weighing 5 pounds 12 ounces and named Louise Brown was delivered by Caesarean techniques, her mother being Lesley Brown, wife of a truck driver. The only unusual feature of the baby's biography to date is the fact that the ovum had been fertilized in the laboratory and then implanted in Mrs. Brown.

Theologians, clergymen, and moralists exhibited considerable disarray. A spokesman for the New York Archdiocese described the means of conception as "morally objectionable." In Rome, a Vatican official said that "Fecundation must be carried out according to nature. . . ." According to a priest at the Archdiocese of Brooklyn, "the natural act must take place." However, these statements by no means reflect Catholic unanimity: other priests and theologians made diverse comments, often favorable, and both Protestant and Jewish spokesmen tended to be favorable, from a variety of moral and theological perspectives.

Lay comment tended to be mostly favorable, though with notable exceptions. Catholic ethical thinker Daniel Callaghan thought the fertilized and developing egg had been subjected to unknown risks, and George Will raised the question of the disposal of surplus eggs and even embryos, as well as other issues, and concluded that "Some manipulation of life must, over time, subvert our sense of mystery, and so our reverence for life."

No doubt the techniques used to bring Louise Brown into existence raise a thicket of ethical and theological problems as well as technological and political choices, but the entire matter also raises, so to speak, a generic problem, having to do with the fact of modernity.

Hegel argued a hundred years ago, in his *Philosophy of History*, that all of human history is moving inexorably toward freedom, the possibilities of action ever expanding in all realms of advanced culture. Hegel appears to have been right.

Without raising knotty problems of philosophy, it appears true to say that the definition of "nature" fre-

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quently appealed to by Catholic spokesmen seems at least tacitly to ignore the fact that "mind" is a component of nature, and has the capacity constantly to transform it.

For this reason, the area in which conscious choices must be made enlarges dynamically. Should we engage in genetic engineering if, for example, cancer might be eliminated by doing so? Maybe not, but mind is rendering such engineering a possibility very much within "nature." Should we colonize space? Maybe not, but we are free to do so. Organ transplants, life-support systems: choice. Everywhere limits retreat, collapse. This expansion of human possibility appears to be relentless and irreversible. At some point, as Hegel foresaw, the only necessity may be freedom.

To be sure, as the area of choice expands, so do the possibilities of good and evil. Therefore the quality of the motive involved becomes constantly more important, especially as it becomes more difficult to understand a "dynamic" nature as in some way normative. Under these circumstances it may be St. Paul, not some version of "natural law," who speaks most directly to an age when men are moving into space, walking on the moon, penetrating genetic secrets, harnessing the sun-like fusion reaction: "I may speak in tongues of men or of angels, but if I am without love, I am a sounding gong or a clanging cymbal. . . . Put love first."

As for Louise Brown, welcome aboard Space Ship Earth. It is going to be quite a journey from here on out.

New Wave

Something genuinely new seems to be appearing under the political sun. For some time it has been a matter of consensus that mainstream liberalism as it has come down to us from the New Deal, the Great Society, et al. has gone out of business intellectually. From such mainstream liberalism, there have of course been both left- and right-wing defections. We have seen the rise of a neo-Marxism, strong in the academic fields of history and the social sciences, but remaining insignificant in terms of political power. We also have the phenomenon of neo-conservatism (Kristol, Moynihan, Wanniski), basically an offshoot of the liberal crisis.

What Arthur Schlesinger Jr. once called the "vital"—that is, the liberal—center has not held.

Another sort of mutation has been taking place within the Republican Party. The GOP has long been afflicted by the image, which in substantial part corresponded to the reality, of "chamber of commerce" and "country club" Republicanism—that is, of candidates, officials, and spokesmen who seem alien to vast numbers of wage-earning Middle Americans. Two Republicans still in their forties have completely escaped these limiting categories—Representatives Phil Crane and Jack Kemp. Crane, a conservative, can find much common ground with blue-collar workers in Youngstown, Ohio. On August 2, he announced his presidential candidacy. Kemp, also a conservative, but having nuanced policy differences from Crane, sweeps the blue-collar neighborhoods of his Buffalo, New York congressional district. Like Crane, Kemp has his eye on higher office.

But Kemp and Crane, and with them others of their political generation, have spearheaded the emergence of a second group of new-style Republican conservative candidates far removed in both style and substance from the chamber-of-commerce and country-club types.

In New Jersey, young Jeff Bell, backed by Kemp and campaigning hard on tax cuts, upset liberal Republican Case and looks increasingly like a threat to basketball celebrity Bill Bradley in November. Bradley appears to be making a mistake by running on name-recognition without much reference to the issues.

In the People's Republic of Massachusetts, some strange things also appear to be under way. Ultraliberal Democrat Michael Harrington, still young, is retiring from the House. Supposedly unbeatable liberal Republican Edward Brooke appears suddenly vulnerable to new-style conservative Avi Nelson, while another new-style conservative, Howard Phillips, could cause trouble in the Democratic senatorial primary.

Northward, in New Hampshire, a big upset just could be in the making. The incumbent Democratic senator up for re-election is Thomas McIntyre, a moderate liberal who is canny but boring. The current leader in the Republican primary is a young, new-style conservative named Gordon Humphrey. His late-entry Republican opponent, James Masiello, comes from the moderate-to-liberal wing of the party, which has been in cyclical decline in New Hampshire. Democrat McIntyre is thought by some to be unbeatable, but that is what they said about Clifford Case in New Jersey. Humphrey seems to be moving with the deeper currents of history.

NR will be paying close attention to these and other new-style conservative campaigns. The fall 1978 elections could tell us a great deal about the shape of the American political future.

Rates or Revenues?

A major debate is shaping up between advocates of the Kemp-Roth bill to roll back federal tax rates, and those who are more concerned about the possible impact on the federal budget deficit. This potentially divisive issue could split the growing conservative assault, and thereby weaken its political effectiveness. In a recent *Newsweek* column Professor Milton Friedman questioned the Kemp-Roth claim that lower tax rates would stimulate more investment and production, and thus increase tax revenues by increasing the tax base. These are, said Friedman, "bad arguments for a good measure."

Friedman acknowledges two cases in which lower tax rates might directly produce more tax revenues: a lower capital gains tax might well increase the incentive to

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realize gains by selling property, and a reduction of top-bracket rates would reduce the use of otherwise unprofitable tax shelters. In these examples, too, there would be secondary improvements in production and the tax base because of the increased incentive for efficient investment. There would also be other favorable revenue effects from the reduced incentive to cheat. How much more revenue would such effects produce? Nobody really knows.

Both sides of this debate agree that the real cost of government is what it spends, not what it raises in taxes. "Any deficit," says Friedman, "is borne by the public in the form of hidden taxes—either inflation or the even more effectively hidden tax corresponding to borrowing from the public." But this doesn't answer key questions about whether or not well-designed rate reductions must add significantly to future deficits, and whether or not they might foster enough added savings to make the deficits easier to finance without printing money.

We have not yet heard the last word on this increasingly critical controversy.

Unhealthy Spending

In fiscal 1979, the Federal Government plans to spend $63.4 billion on health care—a 28 per cent increase in just two years. Understandably unimpressed with the results of all that spending, President Carter has offered another set of meaningless principles for reform. And, as we have learned before, this Administration is congenitally incapable of reforming anything without making it more costly. A low estimate is another $40 billion a year in payroll taxes ("contributions").

Among the contradictory new promises of nationalized health insurance are "reducing unnecessary health care spending" while "substantially increasing" desirable health care spending. That is another way of saying that physicians and sick people do not understand what sorts of health care are really necessary, and for whom, so politicians and bureaucrats will now make such decisions.

After the experience with Medicare and Medicaid, it won't be easy to convince people that the government can again vastly increase the demand for scarce medical services while somehow keeping costs down. Any schoolboy knows that when the government transforms a reasonably competitive business into a monopoly, and then pays the monopoly with tax dollars on a cost-plus basis, costs (and taxes) go through the roof. Look at the Postal Service, Amtrak, and ConRail. Prices go up when spending outruns the capacity to increase supply, and there is little doubt who has been doing the spending in this case. Government accounted for about a fourth of all spending on medical care until 1965; it accounted for 42 per cent in 1976.

Unfaithful

I have a guilty secret
  That fills me full of shame:
Another bumper sticker
  Has set my heart aflame.
I'll keep his campaign buttons
  Within my bedroom shrine,
But Jack Kemp is replacing
  My former valentine.

W. H. VON DREELE

To avoid such embarrassing facts and logic, we have instead been deluded with petty populist envy of physicians' incomes, and all sorts of vague nonsense about "cost containment." This is, of course, just a thin cover for discriminatory wage and price controls, and it would do for medicine what price controls on natural gas have done for energy supplies. If additional tens of billions are poured into medical services, and if the incentive to economize on the use of such services is diluted still further, the resulting imbalance between demand and supply must be rationed away by higher prices, waiting lines, or political favoritism. There are no other options.

The American public is indeed critically ill—sick of taxes, and sick of grandiose plans to spend billions more without even asking what the last billions accomplished. If our federal guardians can't do the job with over $63 billion maybe they should give the money back to the taxpayers and let them make their own best deals for health care and insurance.

Truth Hurts but Heals

One of the serendipitous side-benefits of the old cold war was that the lines defining the positions of the superpowers demarcated a kind of "free zone" in which the Third World could take up its own postures without paying any price. Generally, this meant passing resolutions against the "imperialists," and especially Uncle Sam. The lineaments of the "post-cold-war era" —which may be defined as one side waging cold war and the other side bemused—are defined by the Soviet bear rampant and the American eagle recumbent. And this makes it harder for the Third World, as was evident at the recent Conference of the Organization of African Unity in Khartoum and the Non-Aligned Conference in Belgrade.

Not that the old anti-West rhetorical game has broken up, especially in Africa. The U.S. was solemnly warned that to rescind the Rhodesian embargo would help "the illegal racist minority regime to maintain its domination

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and oppression. . . ." French offshore island bases in the Indian Ocean were condemned as "blatant aggression." No resolution mentioned blatant Cuban or Russian intervention. Forty-five thousand Cuban and 8,500 French troops in twenty countries were tacitly bracketed under a resolution boldly recognizing the "inalienable right" of African states to "take any measures" necessary to safeguard independence. A resolution calling on signatories of the Helsinki Accord (which includes the USSR) "to refrain from military intervention" lost. Trouble spots such as Ethiopia/Somalia, Eritrea, Chad/Libya, and the Western Sahara were consigned to committees.

Nevertheless, a new strain existed, a new tension running through the warp and woof of the speeches, reflecting a rising concern over Soviet and Cuban intervention. Perhaps one day we will be grateful to the Russians and the Cubans for strengthening the African stomach for the truth.

On a far more sophisticated level—with its broader membership—the Non-Aligned Conference in Belgrade manifested similar strains. The old non-aligned slogans of the 1950s and 1960s are inadequate for today's realities. Like the OAU, the Belgrade meeting recognized the right to seek foreign assistance but went on to reject all "foreign intervention and interference in internal affairs under any pretext whatsoever from whatsoever quarter," which includes Angola, Ethiopia, and South Yemen.

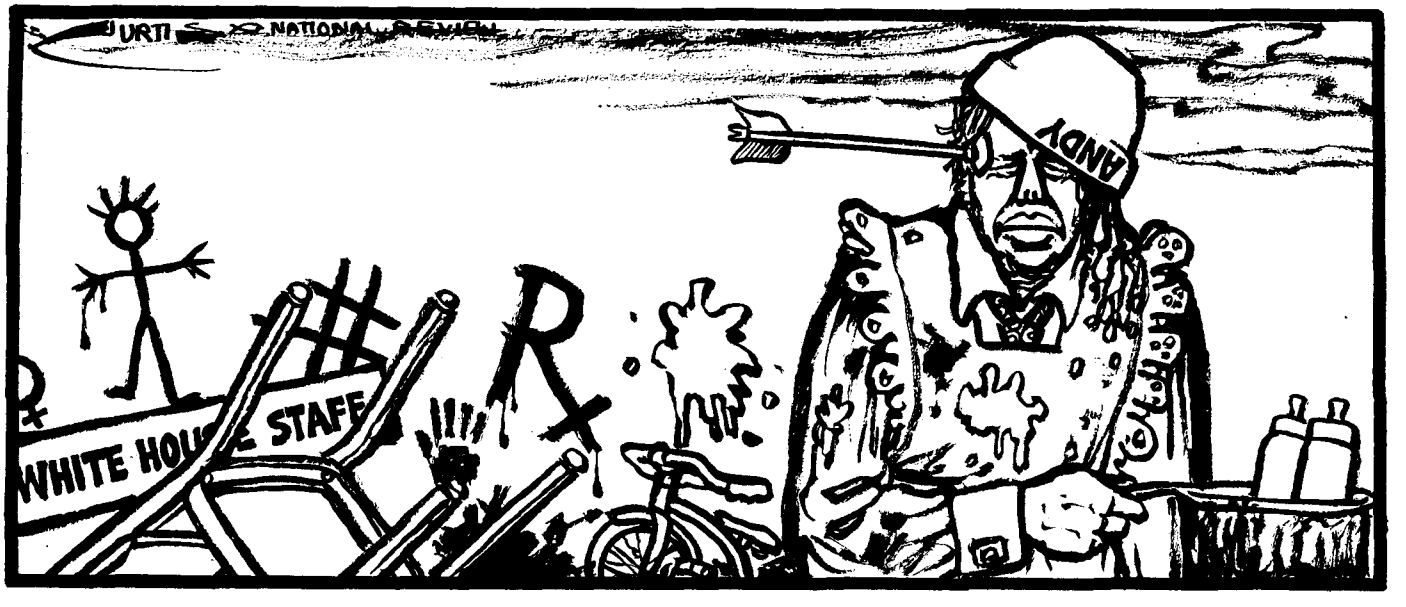
The source of the strain is epitomized by the aggressive role of Russia's mercenary, Cuba, in an ostensibly non-aligned conference, a subject which was barely papered over. With Havana the planned site for the next conference, increased strain can be expected, leading to an increased realism and—who knows—perhaps ultimately to a review of the meaning of the word "non-aligned."

Peter the Great Would Be Proud

South Yemen, stretching along the torrid, shimmering Arabian Sea, a wild, inhospitable remote desert, now is the proud host to not just one, but three Soviet bases: one at Aden, former British monitor of the Red Sea; one at Al Mukulla, eighty miles eastward on the Hadramaut road toward Oman and the Persian Gulf; and last—significantly—a naval and electronic base on Socotra island 150 miles east of the African Horn. The Russians are also building an air base near Aden. The importance of South Yemen to the USSR was proved last June when Cuban military personnel assisted extreme-left-wing military forces to overthrow the president (quickly executed), who had tried to moderate his government's leftward stance with gestures toward North Yemen and Saudi Arabia. Why?

Strategically, South Yemen is an alternative—is even preferable—to Somalia, where the USSR forfeited its Berbera naval base as the price for changing sides and making an alliance with Ethiopia, five times more populous than Somalia. By now, Soviet arms and Cuban forces have enabled Ethiopia not only to push Somali units out of the Ogaden but also to drive to Asmara, in secessionist Eritrea on the Red Sea, opposite the Yemens. Bitter against the Soviets, Somali President Siad Barre in Mogadishu seeks Western support, which President Carter first offered in July 1977, then quickly suspended contingent on Somali withdrawal from the Ogaden. Recently, the aid has been offered again, and a U.S. mission is planned to estimate Somali needs.

But at the last moment Washington is hesitating, apparently doubting Somalia's assurances regarding weapons use and/or shying away from confrontation with



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the Soviets in the Horn. Could it be that American indecision might even result in re-establishment of Russian influence in Somalia? A grand slam?

"The Soviets have so far scored a sensational *tour de force* in the Horn of Africa." That judgment was recorded in this space on March 31, and there is no reason to change it today. Meanwhile, on the other side of the Middle East, cheek by jowl with the Indian subcontinent, the Soviets are exploiting their newly cemented prime position in Afghanistan, having signed a number of new agreements and sent in large numbers of technicians and military personnel since the leftward coup last April.

In the legendary political testament of Peter the Great, the old Czar admonished his successors to ". . . penetrate as far as the Persian Gulf, re-establish if it be possible the ancient commerce with the Levant, advance as far as India, which is the depot of the World. Arrived at this point, we shall no longer need England's gold." Armed not only with advanced weapons but with a militant ideology, the Soviet successors of Peter the Great are building an empire of which he could only dream.

Vietnam Round-up

The American Conservative Union's Education and Research Institute has issued a paper entitled, "Repression in Vietnam." The paper draws on exoteric sources —the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, even (O tempora! O mores!) *The New York Review of Books*. It has all been said before, but let us, along with ACU, say it again.

► Various estimates put the number of prisoners in re-education (i.e., labor) camps at 300,000 (the Vietnamese themselves admit to holding 50,000). "Never," writes Jean Lacouture, a French journalist once sympathetic to the Vietcong, "have we had such proof of so many [postwar] detainees . . . [not] in Moscow in 1917, nor in Madrid in 1939, nor in Paris or Rome in 1944, nor in Peking in 1949, nor in Havana in 1959, nor in Santiago in 1973."

► Before the Communist takeover, Vietnam had 27 daily newspapers; now there are three, all government-run. All back issues of newspapers have been burned; private ownership of typewriters is restricted.

► Teaching religion to children is prohibited. There are some two hundred priests and six bishops in jail. Numbers of Buddhist monks and nuns have immolated themselves in protest.

► Large numbers of people have been transferred from cities to "new economic zones." By 1976, the government had already moved one million, and officials predicted the eventual moving of eight million more.

► The price of milk has sextupled since the takeover; fish is scarce, but the government discourages ocean fishing in order to prevent escapes. "There is no famine," reports Father André Gelinas, a Jesuit who left the South a year after the Fall, "but many live in misery . . . dogs and cats disappeared long ago; if one didn't eat them, they would be stolen."

And what do the peace types think of all this? Many have recanted, but die-hards still hold out. James Klassen (Mennonite Central Committee) does "not feel that there was any systematic repression of religion by the government." Carol Bragg (American Friends Service Committee) believes Vietnam's rulers will "build a new society based on justice and equality." Midge Meinertz (Church World Service) calls Vietnam a "free and independent society."

Of course, they may just be comparing it to Cambodia.

Olympic Volcano

After smoldering for a year, with some smoke arising from NBC-TV's contract with the Soviet Union, the 1980 Moscow Olympic situation has now erupted. It even seems doubtful that the Games will be held in Moscow as planned, and very likely that the Soviets will be denied their huge propaganda spectacular. Olympic officials are caught in a trap they themselves constructed, and NBC-TV, with a huge investment at stake, has gradually become aware of the chilling prospects.

Apparently believing that they can get away with anything, the Soviets have now perpetrated an outrage in international sports. This month, an important international yachting event is scheduled to be held at the Baltic port of Tallinn. This competition is generally regarded as an important tune-up for the 1980 Olympic yachting events, also to be held at Tallinn. The Soviets, however, have unilaterally excluded a dozen nations from the competition, including Israel, Belgium, Ireland, Chile, Rhodesia, and South Africa. This unilateral action violates the norms of international competition, places the excluded nations at a competitive

Our Balance of Payments

The President is "very pleased,"
  And so is Robert Strauss.
Charles Shultze is "pleased," while Mrs. Kreps
  Is pleased as Minnie Mouse.
The deficit's a little less:
  That's why they're pleased as punch,
But what they had to do with it,
  I haven't any hunch.

W. H. VON DREELE

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disadvantage for 1980, and foreshadows similar trouble for the Olympic Games themselves.

In addition, the Soviets have assigned arbitrary national quotas for this year's competition at Tallinn. Both the U.S. and England, for example, have a team quota of eight, the same as the quota for that great yachting nation, Bulgaria.

This latest outrage, coming on top of the official persecution of U.S. businessmen and reporters, plus the Shcharansky-Ginzburg show trials, has crystallized a broadly based movement to pull the Olympics out of the Soviet Union. Representative Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) and Senator Wendell Anderson (D., Minn.) have sponsored a congressional resolution to that effect. Representative Robert Drinan, George Meany, Ronald Reagan, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, among others, back the idea, as do columnists Mary McGrory and George Will.

The movement is bound to grow, as responsible officials and spokesmen recognize that it was a serious mistake in the first place to schedule the Games to take place in a totalitarian environment. We can also count on the Soviets to continue to behave like the Soviets. They have gotten away with so much for so long that they probably think the rest of the world will swallow anything. It's a good bet that their luck has run out on this one.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

This letter is in reference to your not-so-recent column about women in the foxholes. I would have sent it sooner but this is the first chance I've had to use a typewriter and my penmanship has never won any medals.

1. To state that women are the possessors of more innate charm, gentleness, etc. than men *is* sexist. Do you also feel that blacks have more rhythm, Jews are all wealthy? I know some economically independent women who are about as charming as a cornered rattlesnake. I also know gentle, sensitive, empathetic women who got that way because their food and shelter depended on adapting their behavior to the whims of a man. You're probably big on survival of the fittest. If your survival and that of your children depended on interpreting and accommodating the moods of another person, you'd be pretty damn intuitive too in very short order. It's just another of those wonderful conditioned traits we share with gigolos. You could call it an occupational hazard.

2. "Woman is quite properly idealized"? In your strata of society possibly. Up to and including the $40,000 per year bracket, ha! Check it out some time when your busy schedule permits. Find out how many women that includes. They are not at home tatting anymore, you know. This is not because they are greedy for luxuries or are yearning to fulfill themselves. It is because hamburger is $1 per pound and the price of a new home is out of sight. I've been idealized like this for years:

6:00 Get up, get children up, cook breakfast, pack lunches, get children dressed.
6:30 Get dressed while others eat breakfast.
7:00 Leave for work.
8:00 Work hard for men with half your IQ whose mothers never told them not to study anything except elementary education or home economics, since someday someone else would support them anyway. (I wouldn't want you to assume from this that my mother was a housewife either. She did what I did and without a washing machine. It's just that she was desperately hoping I would marry a wealthy Prince Charming and escape the agony. My husband's mother was really idealized. She lived in a railroad car and cooked for the crew.)
4:30 Boss says you have to work overtime. You say you can't because your daughter is in the school play tonight. He shakes his head in disgust. "It's no wonder women never get anywhere in business." If you *had* worked, your husband, your children, and half the PTA would have shaken their heads in disgust. This is a game at which it is impossible to win.
5:00 Janitor comes in to clean up. You type, use a calculator and do a lot of intricate reports, etc. He cleans. He makes as much as you do with no skills whatsoever. He has a family to support. The popular assumption is that you don't.
5:30 Pick up kids at babysitter's.
6:00 Listen to long stories about what happened at school today while remembering whether you've got any lettuce left and how long the potatoes should cook. (One of the saddest things I ever read was a list made by a respected female doctor and administrator. "Put Mrs. Smith on salt-free diet. Pick up pork chops for dinner. Attend 10:00 staff meeting. Fix zipper on skirt." She's "idealized" too and she makes over $40,000 per year. I wonder if the first female Secretary of State will have similar lists. Will she also serve coffee and take notes at Cabinet meetings?)

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6:30 Everyone hurry up. School play starts at 7:00.
7:00 Try to stay awake and look interested. Do not think about whether family has enough clean laundry for tomorrow or make shopping list in head.
9:15 Put children to bed.
9:30 Dishes, laundry, personal grooming, etc., etc.
11:00 Take a shower.
11:15 Husband wants sex. At the very least try not to fall asleep in the middle of it.
12:00 Son has upset stomach. Change sheets. Take his temperature. Pray. "Oh Lord, please don't make me have to ask for more time off work!"

What is this business of being "idealized" like? Permanent KP duty with no time off for good behavior. Undergoing full-dress inspection under battle conditions. When your kids get older you get a card on Mother's Day and a lily at Easter. No preference on civil service exams, no money to attend college. (And what would be the point anyway, since by now you're worn out and unemployable in an executive capacity. They're afraid you might get hot flashes during a major conference.) No medals of honor. No admiration from grandchildren as you recite your daring exploits. No conventions out-of-state where you can drink too much, carry on with strange men, and throw toilet paper out the hotel window. No retirement. If you live to be 85 you'll still be doing dishes and cleaning toilets, assuming you're not in a rest home.

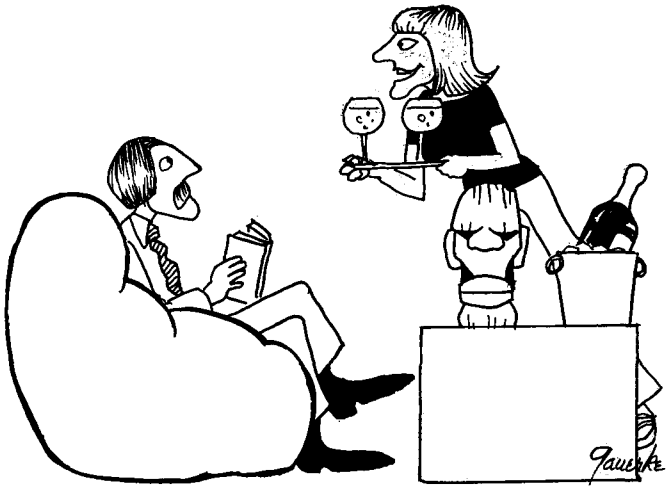
3. Your paragraph to the effect that no sane society should cultivate war-making skills in its womenfolk contains specious reasoning. You above all are aware of the fact that the ability to defend oneself and one's country is not a vice and that a society so effete that it is ripe for takeover will not long endure. It *is* still called the *Defense* Department, is it not? Should we dismantle the machinery of war because in training men to become soldiers "something is done" to those men who have become "gladiators" "and, a fortiori, to all men"? I don't even know what "a fortiori" means, but I still recognize hogwash when I see it. All your twisted reasoning proves is that emotionally you are a stronger chauvinist than you are a hawk. Faced with the image of 10,000 blonde, blue-eyed maidens in lacy underwear and skirts losing their lives and limbs in the jungles of Vietnam, you might have been out ten years ago handing out flowers on the streets of San Francisco. Did you ever stop to think that this "idealization" you feel for women is also felt by women for their husbands and sons? We have protective feelings also and a great many of us would have an easier time looking at a woman with stumps where her legs used to be than looking at a man in the same situation. Come to think of it, perhaps these noble sentiments in the male breast could be put to good use by filling the foxholes with women. Then those men in power would be more inclined to weigh carefully the costs of war before venturing forth.

4. Any discussion about women's place in the foxholes, atop power poles, in police patrol cars, etc., must hinge first and foremost on a discussion of what concessions should be made in order to employ women in that capacity. You may have assumed from the foregoing that I am in the ranks of those who advocate lowering height, weight, and strength requirements on the basis that they discriminate against females. Wrong. I firmly believe that these qualifications discriminate only against those who are short, slim, and weak in the same way that an SAT test discriminates against those who are stupid. Reasonable discriminations are a necessary part of life. Without the ability to discriminate logically, the human race could become extinct. What I am saying is that a woman who stands 5′9″ tall, weighs 145 pounds, and can do the required number of push-ups should not be rejected because of a lack of separate toilet facilities. That rejection is based solely on sex. The others are not. The insane notion that women would be undone by having to squat behind a bush or tree can only be held by those who believe that no women made it across the plains in covered wagons years ago.

It is ironic that I should write to you only when ticked off. I have loved your column and *Firing Line* for years, and almost always have agreed with your point of view. Don't get discouraged when the postman dumps a pile of hate mail on your desk every day. Most of the writers are probably like me. They only feel compelled to write when they think you're off base. I'll have to remember to send you postcards for some of the good stuff.

Sincerely,
Ms. Patricia Bailey
Fair Oaks, Calif.

Wow! **—WFB**



"The occasion? Nixon's book slipped off the best-seller list and Bakke flunked out of Davis."

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Reflections on the Trials

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

In a letter to the London *Times*, Robert Conquest notes that one of the charges against Aleksandr Ginzburg was that he had "distributed" Conquest's book, *The Great Terror*. This was a crime because, in the judgment of the prosecutor and court, the book is a slander against the Soviet state. *The Great Terror* is a carefully documented history of Stalin's purge trials. Scholars, both Left and Right, throughout the non-Communist world consider it the most thorough study of its subject. Moreover, Conquest's account parallels and in part coincides with the exposure of Stalin's action made by Nikita Khrushchev and other Soviet spokesmen in the 1960s.

Conquest explains what this feature of the Ginzburg trial implies: "In qualifying such a record of events as 'slander,' the Soviet leaders make themselves defenders of the crimes of Stalin and Stalinism—not only his heirs but —to this day—his accomplices. When, in February, six thousand of the Soviet elite heartily applauded two favorable references to Stalin in a major speech by Marshal Ustinov, they were declaring that allegiance."

Exactly.

2. Inside the Soviet Union these recent trials did not arouse much public interest beyond the *pro forma* treatment in the official media. Apart from relatives of the defendants and a few fellow dissidents, there were no signs of any significant protest against the proceedings. Solzhenitsyn's Voices may have convinced him that the sufferings of the past sixty years have brought the Russian people a profounder sense of truth and freedom than the slothful hedonists of the West can comprehend, but that sense must have been sound asleep this summer.

In general, the only dissident trials that evoke, from time to time, signs of popular concern and protest are those involving the "nationalities question": political, social, or cultural issues related to the non-Russian Soviet Republics. In the past year or two, there has been popular protest at KGB actions against such nationalist or ethnic "dissidence" in, for example, the Ukraine, Armenia, and, conspicuously, Georgia. Not only were there no signs of popular protest over the trials of Shcharansky, Ginzburg, and Orlov; there were some indications of popular approval. This is not surprising. The Russians and many of the non-Russian Soviet peoples have always been antisemitic.

Inside and Outside

3. It has been widely said that the Shcharansky-Ginzburg trials were "deliberate provocations" to Jimmy Carter (and the U.S.). This does not seem very likely. Shcharansky had been in jail a year and a half before his trial; Ginzburg has been in and out of jails and camps for many years. Unpublicized trials of this sort go on all the time. Every now and then a few public trials are held *pour encourager les autres*—to remind the citizens who is boss and what sort of system they live under. On this occasion a few public trials could clarify the fact that the Helsinki Accord in no way alters the Soviet internal setup. From the Kremlin's point of view, the trials had nothing to do with Carter.

4. Within the Soviet Union, thus, these trials were a routine operation. Clearly, President Carter's human rights campaign hasn't affected the conduct of the regime; it hasn't helped the dissidents; it hasn't made any impression on ordinary Soviet citizens.

However, these trials *have* made a considerable impression *outside* the Soviet Union—especially in the U.S. and other Western nations. Carter's human rights campaign, applied to this issue, broadened and strengthened that impression. These trials, as *Newsweek* reported, "captured the attention of the U.S. and the world. . . . They touched off protest marches and demonstrations throughout the West and a wave of anti-Soviet feeling in the U.S."

In this aspect, Carter's human rights campaign can be thought of as a propaganda or psychological warfare operation stiffening U.S. and Western attitudes toward the Soviet Union and thus making it easier to carry through measures to harden Western resistance to the Soviet Union's multiplying aggressive moves (Africa, Afghanistan, Vietnam, military buildup, etc.). So understood, the operation was fairly successful, though Andrew Young's perfectly timed monkey wrench greatly weakened its potential, especially in the Third World countries. Even without Young's sabotage, the President doesn't seem to have known how to take advantage of the opportunity offered by the Western reaction to begin countering the quickening tilt of the world balance in Moscow's favor. Canceling a couple of machinery orders and official junkets must look to the Kremlin more like impotent pouting than serious retaliation.

That Simple Truth

5. This Shcharansky-Ginzburg-Orlov episode once again, for the thousandth time, teaches the simple truth that seems impossible for Western leaders and Western public opinion to accept: that Bolshevism is Bolshevism and Bolsheviks act like Bolsheviks. Periodically Western opinion gets jolted into glancing at this truth, but soon looks away. The New Economic Policy or socialism in one country or the menace of Fascism or the bourgeoisification of revolutionaries or the wartime alliance or Khrushchev's peaceful coexistence or cultural exchange or Brezhnev's detente or the Helsinki Accord or sweet talk and prayer breakfasts will lead to a thaw, a liberalization, a converging of the Bolshevik system with our democratic system. But it never happens that way. Maybe a few changes in the façade, but the structure remains: the totalitarian state run by the totalitarian party.

Austrian President Bruno Kreisky, one of the few Western leaders willing to see that simple truth bare, may have had his American peer in mind when he remarked last month: "To hope that with the help of the Helsinki Accord and its Basket III [the human rights protocol] one can wean the Communist states from Communism and persuade them to discard essential elements of their political power system [is a] totally unfounded illusion." □

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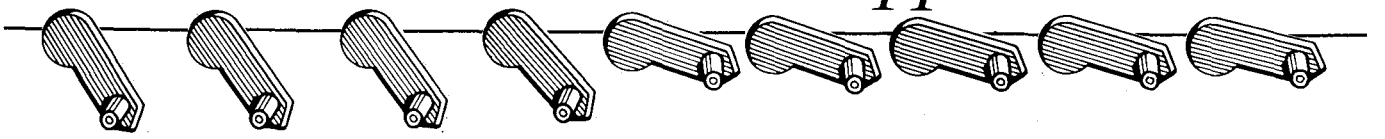
ABORT ERA

When the Voting Should Have Stopped



GROVER REES III

When Congress proposed the Equal Rights Amendment in 1972, the proposing resolution stated the amendment would become part of the Constitution "when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states within seven years from the date of its submission . . ." Those seven years will be over next March. However, Congress and several state legislatures are now considering actions that would create serious doubt, among legal scholars as well as the general public, about what is part of the Constitution and what is not.

Ratifications by 38 state legislatures are necessary for final passage. To date, 35 legislatures have ratified; of these, four have passed resolutions purporting to rescind their ratifications. Congress, meanwhile, is considering a resolution (already passed by the House Judiciary Committee) to extend for another 39 months the period in which states may ratify. In March, we will all—those of us who wish to know for sure what the Constitution says—find ourselves in one of the following situations:

1. Assuming that Congress does not attempt to extend the deadline, and that fewer than three additional states ratify the ERA, the legal situation will be clear. The ERA will be "dead," in the limited sense that the 1972 resolution with its 35 ratifications will be null. ERA supporters say they'll get Congress to re-propose the amendment; opponents say they're not worried.

2. If Congress declares the deadline extended, and if by March fewer than three more states have ratified, the effect of the congressional extension will be unclear. Some ERA supporters argue that all prior ratifications—even by states that later rescinded—will remain valid. Another view is that Congress cannot "carry forward" the prior ratifications, and that 38 *new* ratifications would be needed. Finally, a few legal scholars take the view that extension is valid, but only if states are permitted to rescind their ratifications. Under this view, the ERA would need six or seven more states. Prognosis: at least 39 more months of uncertainty.

3. If Congress passes no extension resolution, but at least four (but fewer than seven) more states ratify by the March deadline, then the ERA will become law only if the four rescissions are ineffective.

4. If exactly three additional states ratify (assuming, again, no congressional extension), then whether the ERA is part of the Constitution will depend on the rescission issue *and* on the delightfully arcane question whether Kentucky's lieutenant governor could legally veto a rescission resolution passed by the legislature (the governor was out of the state). Governors have never exercised a role in the ratifying process, since the Constitution provides that state legislatures or conventions—not "states"—ratify amendments, and the Supreme Court has held that a state may not restrict its legislature's ratifying function.

There are other permutations, partaking of the juridical elements of one or more of the above. Don't worry about them. Instead, join me in a brief review of a few legal principles, gleaned from the debate over the adoption of the federal Constitution and from the few occasions on which the Supreme Court has construed the formula for constitutional amendment.

A caveat: Do not think in terms of the ERA. Instead, think of your very favorite proposed constitutional amendment. Then imagine the constitutional change you fear the most. Examine the several alternative constructions of the technical rules on the amendment process provided in the Constitution itself, keeping in mind that the same rules will apply to the good and the bad proposals. That's what the Framers did when they designed the process.

Speaking logically, not historically, the rescission controversy seems artificial. Article V of the Constitution, which provides for amendments, is silent on rescission. The general rule is that states are sovereign: a legislature can do anything not prohibited by the federal or state constitution. In particular, legislatures can undo what they have done. They regularly reconsider and repeal their own prior enactments.

If there is a genuine question about the validity of state rescissions, it is created by a sordid and better-forgotten bit of American history. In 1868, three-fourths of the legislatures had ratified the Fourteenth Amendment; Ohio and New Jersey, however, had rescinded before the last state had ratified. Nevertheless, both houses of Congress passed a resolution declaring the amendment to be part of the Constitution.

The Senate passed the resolution without debate and with-

Mr. Rees is a New Orleans attorney and former editor-in-chief of the Louisiana Law Review.

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out a roll-call vote. The House debated only for a minute or two, rejecting a request that the Judiciary Committee consider the resolution. (It was almost referred to the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, but the House opted instead to pass it without any committee consideration whatever.) This was the Reconstruction Congress, and the members who voted—in a near-perfect party-line vote—that Ohio and New Jersey could not rescind were, virtually man for man, those who five months earlier had voted to impeach Andrew Johnson for refusing to obey unconstitutional orders.

A FEW THOUGHTS on the 1868 resolution. First, it was not framed as a general statement on the right to rescind. Indeed, debate revealed more support for the proposition that these particular rescissions were invalid because the Democratic legislatures of Ohio and New Jersey did not truly represent the citizens of those states. Moreover, up to that moment in history nobody had suggested that Congress had any power over the amending process except to *propose* amendments and to designate the mode of ratification. The only prior controversy over the validity of an amendment—the Eleventh, in 1798—had been settled by the Supreme Court. The attempt by the Reconstruction Congress to *judge* whether its own proposal had been duly ratified can best be explained in light of the felt necessities of the time: this Congress not only impeached Johnson, it also proudly regarded several states as "conquered territory" and ruled them accordingly.

Most important, the Reconstruction resolution was never tested in court, not even implicitly. On the very day of its passage, Georgia ratified the Fourteenth Amendment, bringing the total to three-fourths *without* Ohio and New Jersey, and rendering the rescission issue irrelevant. In 1939, three members of the Supreme Court referred to the congressional action, with apparent approval; but the reference was unnecessary to the Court's decision, and was therefore a mere expression of personal opinion.

It should be stressed that the Reconstruction resolution is moot: if the Supreme Court should recognize the validity of the ERA rescissions, it will not be compelled, either logically or practically, to raise questions about the validity of the Fourteenth or any other existing amendment.

Except for the 1868 resolution, with its endorsement by three Justices in 1939, the history of the amending process tends to support the right to rescind. The Constitutional Convention debates reveal the attitude that amendment should be possible only when a broad consensus exists: that a substantial minority of states should be able to block changes favored by a majority, and that frequent amendment would be undesirable. In *The Federalist* #85, Hamilton argued that the amending process would ensure that "the will of the requisite number" should prevail; amendment would be possible only when three-fourths of the states "were united in the desire of a particular amendment." Obviously, no state that has rescinded is "united in the desire" with a state that later ratifies. No consensus is achieved.

The Supreme Court has recognized contemporaneous consensus, and not just the formality of a certain number of isolated legislative acts, as necessary for ratification. Consensus was the basis for the Court's holding that an amendment must be ratified within a "reasonable time" to become part of the Constitution: state ratifications must be "sufficiently contemporaneous . . . to reflect the will of the people in all sections at relatively the same period." The "reasonable time" doctrine is based on the mere *possibility* that a ratifying state would lose its enthusiasm for an amendment after a few years. With even more reason, a state that has positively indicated its lack of support for an amendment cannot be counted as part of a consensus.

Not only logic and history, but also fairness, requires a state's right to rescind. It is universally recognized that a state legislature, having rejected an amendment, can later ratify it. To allow such reconsideration of a negative judgment, but not of a positive one, would give those who want to change the Constitution an unlimited opportunity to bounce back from defeat, while denying the same right to those who prefer to keep the Constitution as it is. Does anybody think the Framers intended such a result?

Opponents of the right to rescind—aside from invoking with reverence the two shaky precedents mentioned above—advance two principal arguments:

First, we desperately need the ERA. The women of America have worked so hard and so long that a defeat on this issue would prove that The System Does Not Work.

Second, it is the *act* of ratification that counts. Once a state has ratified, it has no more power over an amendment. Under this view, if 37 states had ratified in a flurry of enthusiasm for a new proposal, and *every* ratifying state had later rescinded, any one state could still bind the nation by ratifying, consensus or no consensus. There are, then, two views of the amending process: the consensus theory and the sacramental act theory.

The mind's eye pictures Bella Abzug standing astride the nation with a great sack. Now she plucks up Connecticut, now Indiana, now little Delaware. Meanwhile, a frisky Tennessee or Idaho scrambles out of the sack . . .

The mind's eye pictures Bella Abzug standing astride the nation with a great sack. Now she plucks up Connecticut, now Indiana, now little Delaware. Each time she bags a new state, a frisky Tennessee or Idaho scrambles out of the sack, only to be jammed back inside. Two views of the amending process: the consensus theory and the "Gotcha!" theory.

Since Congress can propose a new ERA whenever it chooses, identical to the old but with a new time limit, it could presumably achieve the same result by extending the 1972 resolution for 39 more months. But what effect will this have on states that have already ratified?

Advocates of extension insist that the time limit is a mere procedural matter, and that Congress has the implied power to change it at will, holding onto the prior ratifications. Op-

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ponents point to the fact that each ratifying state voted on a specific resolution, which contained the seven-year time limit. Approval of the ERA thus limited—in effect, a statement that "We're for it *if* 37 other states will ratify within seven years"—cannot be equated with unconditional approval.

Extension supporters place great weight on the *location* of the seven-year language in the ERA resolution. They generally admit that if the time limitation were in the text of the amendment itself, Congress could not extend without releasing the previously ratifying states. The seven-year limit on the ERA, however, is not in the body of the amendment, but in the preamble. Therefore, the argument goes, in changing the time limit Congress is not tampering with the amendment itself, which is all the states ever voted on.

This technical contention elevates form over substance, ignoring what really happened in the ratifying process. Each state received from Congress a copy of the entire resolution, including the preamble with the seven-year time limit. The whole package was on the bargaining table when the states agreed to ratify.

Extension proponents invoke the sacramental act theory: like Isaac, a legislature may have been tricked into giving its blessing to a resolution it never loved; but a blessing is a blessing. Gotcha.

At a House subcommittee hearing on extension, ERA advocates ridiculed the notion that legislatures actually relied on the time limit and would have opposed the amendment had they thought the limit might be extended. Any doubt about legislative intent, however, has been resolved by the careful research of Professor Jules Gerard of Washington University Law School, who has examined the actual resolutions by which the states ratified the ERA. Professor Gerard reveals that of 35 such resolutions, 26 expressly mention the time limit.

To circumvent this argument, extension proponents invoke the sacramental act theory, arguing that no matter what a legislature *thought* it was ratifying, it actually *did* ratify whatever it was that Congress proposed. Like Isaac, a legislature may have been tricked into giving its blessing to a resolution it never loved; but a blessing is a blessing. Gotcha.

Assuming for the sake of argument that state legislative intent is irrelevant, the key inquiry becomes whether the Congress that proposed the ERA intended for the time limit to be subject to change. It did not. The Senate hotly debated the question of a time limit, with several members indicating they could not support an amendment that might be "lingering in limbo for an indefinite number of years." The time limit was inserted on a roll-call vote, with the principal ERA sponsors on the losing side. But why was the limitation put into the preamble, rather than the text?

Several prior amendments did include the time limitation in the body of the amendment itself. Every amendment since the Twenty-Third, however, has had a time limit in the preamble, like the ERA. Extension supporters argue that the switch was intended to make the time limit a procedural detail, not a substantive part of the amendment immune to extension. But there is proof positive to the contrary.

Early proposed drafts of the Twenty-Third Amendment included the time limit in the text. At the request of its author, however, the amendment was rewritten by Professor Noel Dowling, perhaps the most respected constitutional scholar of his time. He had this to say:

> The seven-year limitation is put in the resolution rather than in the text of the amendment. There is no doubt about the power of Congress to put it there; and it will be *equally effective*. The usual way, to be sure, has been to write the limitation into the amendment; but we hope such an *unnecessary cluttering up of the Constitution* can be ended. [Emphasis added.]

In other words, the change was purely stylistic. A time limit has no business actually becoming part of the Constitution, since it has outlived its usefulness at the moment the last state ratifies. It was placed in the preamble as a step toward a more elegant Constitution, not a more powerful Congress. A time limit in the preamble was intended to have the same legal effect as a time limit in the text: to be reliable, predictable, tamper-proof.

Extension and rescission are technically unrelated issues. Several scholars have suggested, however, that if Congress extends the deadline, it will be necessary to allow states to rescind. This is more a fairness argument than a legal theory, but as a fairness argument it is compelling. A ten-year deadline would give amendment supporters at least ten chances in most states. Nine rejections followed by one acceptance would put the state squarely in the pro-ERA column. Meanwhile, state legislatures that ratified back in 1972 might be hating themselves for it, and passing annual resolutions rescinding and deploring the ERA, to no avail. Professor Charles Black of Yale Law School, a strong ERA supporter, calls it a "silly lobster-trap." But the House Judiciary Committee is not impressed: in considering the extension resolution, it rejected an amendment acknowledging the states' right to rescind.

THE CASE for congressional power to extend the deadline and bind previously ratifying states, like the case against a state's right to rescind, is so weak that supporters seldom argue the merits. Rather, they assert that matters of constitutional amending procedure are "political questions," in which the Supreme Court will allow judgments of Congress to stand, right or wrong. By the same token, a few zealous ERA supporters are frankly urging Congress to forget the legal niceties and to treat votes on extension and rescission as votes for or against the ERA.

The "political-questions doctrine" originated as a view that the text of the Constitution forbade the courts to review certain actions of the Legislative and Executive branches. The best example is the provision that each house of Congress shall be "the sole judge" of its members' qualifications. In this matter, Congress is said to act as a *court*, and no other

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court can review its decisions. The political-questions doctrine gradually expanded to include a few areas (notably foreign policy) where there was no clear constitutional mandate for the courts to keep out, but where judicial intervention was regarded as impractical or dangerous.

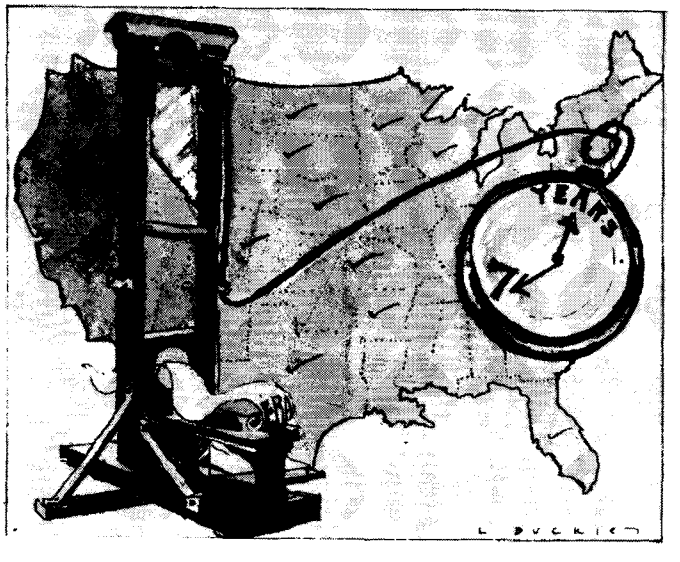
In 1939 the Supreme Court held in *Coleman* v. *Miller* that some, but not all, matters of amendment procedure are political questions. Four judges stated flatly that the text of Article V commits adjudication of amendment questions to Congress; but they quoted no such language, and in fact there is none. Three others argued that, as a practical matter, Congress is the best judge of certain facts, and so the courts will not interfere. These three judges were the ones who approved the Reconstruction resolution. They did not indicate how courts should decide which congressional judgments to let stand and which to review; indeed, the decision was widely criticized as internally inconsistent.

Coleman would probably be decided differently by the Supreme Court today. The scope of the political-questions doctrine has narrowed considerably. In 1969, Representative Adam Clayton Powell sued the Speaker of the House, asserting that he had been illegally expelled from Congress. The Supreme Court took the case and declared Powell entitled to his seat, despite the explicit provision in the Constitution that Congress is "the sole judge." Since *Powell* v. *McCormack*, scholars have been asking whether there is really anything left of the political-questions doctrine.

Even those who disapprove of *Powell* should welcome its effect on those areas where there is *no* textual commitment of a judicial matter to Congress. Just as the courts ought to leave legislating up to the legislature, it is proper for Congress to leave adjudication to the courts.

John Marshall pointed out that the Supreme Court's first duty is "to say what the law is." The first step in observing that duty is to say what the Constitution contains.

It has been suggested that the Supreme Court has an institutional conflict of interest in matters of amending procedure, because some amendments might limit the Court's power. Congress, however, has a twofold conflict: first, amendments frequently limit or expand congressional power; second, Congress already has a role in the amending process, that of proponent. The ERA spectacle now unfolding is an illustration: Congress proposes the ERA, then votes to extend the time limit on its proposal, then passes a resolution "judging" ratifying states to be bound by the extension, and also "judges" the constitutionality of state rescissions. It's 1978: do you know where your Constitution is?



The impact of declaring amendment procedure to be a political question would extend far beyond the ERA controversy. A model in which the limited role of Congress is bootstrapped into that of general overseer of the amending process—sitting as a "court" in judgment of the success or failure of its own proposals, and free to disregard the clear intentions of the other protagonists—would do unique violence to federalism and to the separation of powers.

Under the 'political-questions' doctrine, Congress could propose an amendment on Monday, then pass a resolution on Tuesday 'judging' its proposal to have been ratified by 38 states, and the Court would have to apply it

A political question, by definition, is one on which Congress can do anything it wishes, no matter how extreme, and be immune from judicial review. Congress could, for instance, propose an amendment on Monday, then pass a resolution on Tuesday "judging" its proposal to have been ratified by 38 states. Everyone could see the congressional resolution was a lie; but the Supreme Court, if it accepted this as a "political question" on which it was powerless to rule, would have to apply the Constitution thus rewritten.

Of course it's unlikely that Congress would pursue the political-questions doctrine to its logical extreme. Nevertheless, at every turn there will be voices urging Congress to disregard legal niceties, to regard procedural votes as expressions of support or opposition to the amendment of the hour. At its best, the Constitution protects the rights of racial, religious, sectional, and other minorities. To entrust the ultimate power over its amendment to a single institution—a highly political, majoritarian, federal-level institution—would be to trust that institution with those rights.

Greasing the skids for the ERA will set a precedent for future amendments which, Professor Black reminds us, could "change the Presidency to a committee of three, hobble the treaty power, make the federal judiciary elective, repeal the Fourth Amendment, make Catholics ineligible for office, and move the national capital to Topeka."

No thoughtful person, liberal or conservative, ERA supporter or opponent, will let his feelings about a particular amendment color his judgment about who shall wield, for all time, the power to rewrite the Constitution.

In response to ERA opponents' entreaties not to "change the rules in the middle of the game," Congressman Barbara Jordan recently replied, with righteous indignation, "This is no game!" She's right. It's a Republic, if we can keep it. □

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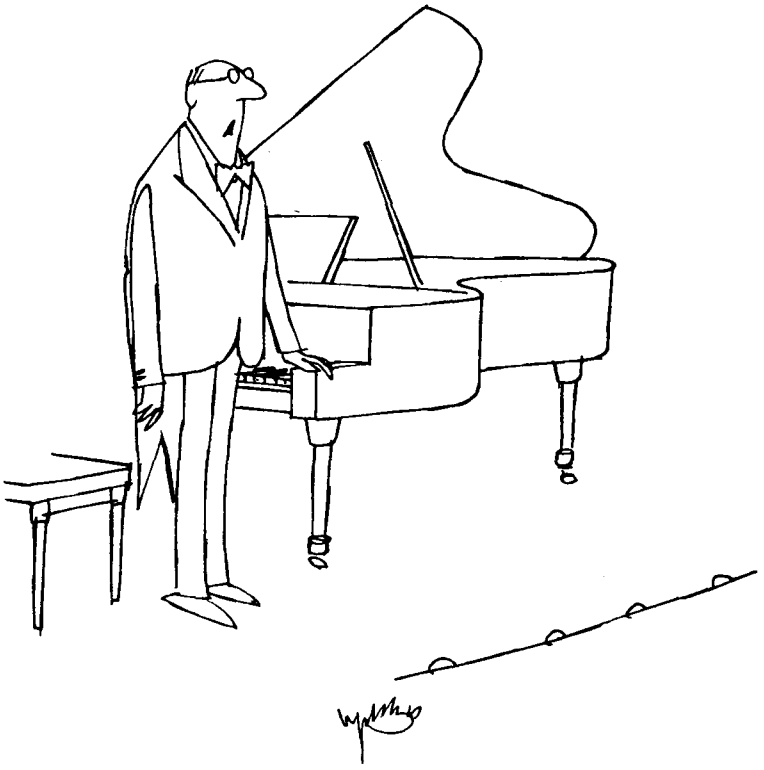
help!!!!

"My intentions are simply this: to excite you with Beethoven's Variations in C-minor, to astonish you with his Allemande in A, to enrapture you with Chopin's Etude in E-major, and by the time I'm halfway through Debussy's Reflets dans l'eau *you should be positively enslaved."*



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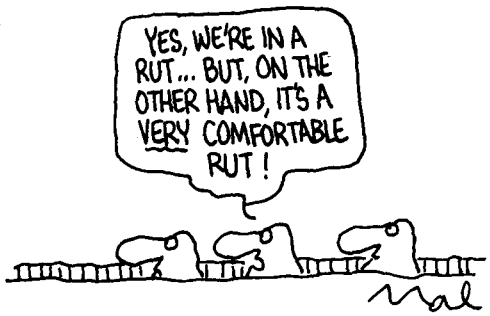
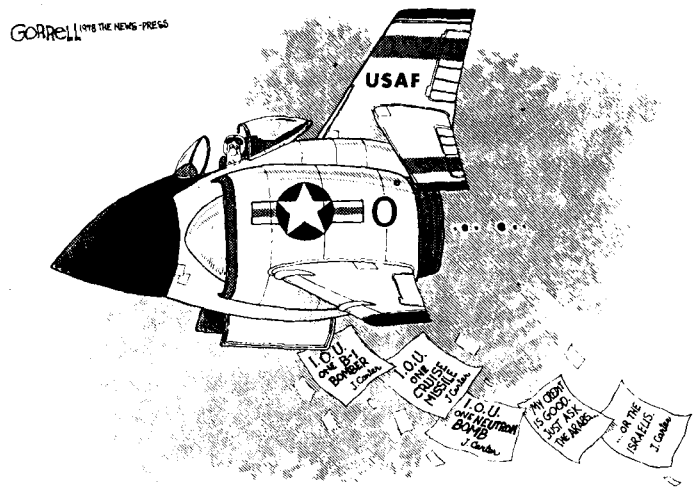
"Economy or first-class?"

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USAF
I.O.U. ONE B1 BOMBER J. Carter
I.O.U. ONE CRUISE MISSILE J. Carter
I.O.U. ONE NEUTRON BOMB J. Carter
MY CREDIT IS GOOD. JUST ASK THE ARABS.
...OR THE ISRAELIS. J. Carter

MORIN
RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH 1978
BOMB
PROBE
'ALL RIGHT, KIM DONG JO, WE KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE! WE'VE GOT YOU CORNERED!'

Piling On

Remember football way back when
The rules were loose and men were men?
When two-ton tackles wore a smirk
And knees and elbows did their work?
While I watch, sitting on my hands
Amidst the booing in the stands,
It's clear that Carter's in a jam
As (oomph!) they knee his diaphragm.
Poor thing, he yells, "Two–four–six–eight,"
But no one gets his signals straight.

W. H. von Dreele

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Two Commencement Addresses

Days and Works

GERHART NIEMEYER

ROSALYNN CARTER, and other Americans, reacted to Solzhenitsyn's Harvard commencement address with contemptuous irritation and dismissive condescension toward "a foreigner who does not understand us." Readers of *NR*, however, had a chance to note that in the space of a few weeks, *two* commencement speeches of very similar character were given. An American, William Buckley, delivered the other at Notre Dame. Both speeches were remarkable in that they passed up the usual self-congratulatory hyperbole one takes for granted at commencement exercises. What common awareness made them separately but similarly avoid the note of festive celebration and adopt one of somber criticism? Buckley, a man of strongly principled patriotism, cannot be accused of failing to understand America. Come to think of it, neither can Solzhenitsyn, on a reading of the full text.

A Song of Praise

Solzhenitsyn's address was not meant to offer a description or characterization of the country in which he has chosen to live during his exile. We know that his literary work consistently depicts human reality as something to which no merely negative analysis can do justice. His characters, even the ones who are seriously warped, have something like a song of praise about them. Thus, one has no right to assume that the greatest writer of our time would describe any country and its culture in terms of carping criticism, least of all a country to which he is speaking "as a friend."

Why, then, did Solzhenitsyn, like Buckley, sound notes of sadness and lamentation on commencement day? "Truth is almost invariably bitter," said Solzhenitsyn, obviously not intending a generalization. Only that truth is bitter which one pretends not to see because one fears the seeing. Buckley opened similarly, with a quotation from Whittaker Chambers: "History hit us with a freight train. . . . We . . . tried to put ourselves together again. But at a price —weariness." The lament, the sadness. Why inflict it on a group of effervescent students? "As a gentle, not to say penitential, demurral from the words uttered from this space one year ago," Buckley continued, referring to the commencement address given by President Carter, who said there: ". . . we have regained our lost confidence . . . being confident of our own future we are now free from that inordinate fear of Communism . . ."

The premise Solzhenitsyn shared with Buckley is that we are paramountly involved in a struggle of such transcending dimensions as to make ordinary commencement ebullience an exercise of intolerable frivolity. For we have to ask the young generation to share with us a gigantic burden, "the fight for our planet," in Solzhenitsyn's words, or "the defense of freedom in its hour of maximum danger," in Buckley's quotation from Chambers. That truth is "bitter" when compared with the sanguine view—held by "an enormous number of Western intellectuals" —that there is peace, peace, when there is no peace, and that our foremost task consists in the completion of the welfare state by means of total federal health care, or alternatively in a global campaign against racism. These are the intellectuals who in their anti-anti-Communist irritation feel "kinship with Communism and refuse to see its crimes," as Solzhenitsyn put it.

Solzhenitsyn has rightly been compared with the Hebrew prophets of the eighth century B.C. Buckley has been called a gadfly, and one remembers that this was also an office claimed by Socrates. In the eighth century B.C. Israel and Judah lived in a euphoria of self-contented illusion, blind to political dangers because they were also stricken with metaphysical blindness. The prophets' challenge to their policies and existence was shocking, their truth "bitter," because it contrasted their short-sighted concern with well-being to the long view that includes divine judgment. In a similar way, these two commencement speeches put our political situation in a perspective of ultimate human destiny: "the split in today's world," a "split much profounder and more alienating . . . bearing the danger of manifold disasters for all of us . . . than one can see at first glance."

Speaking to the West

Solzhenitsyn's criticism, which grated on Rosalynn Carter's nerves, is not aimed at our country as such: what it does is point to the distance between what we are now called to do and the way in which we are responding. It implies no belittling of the concept of human existence on which our country is founded. It is, however, more than an assessment of political expediencies. It extends to character and spiritual vision, but always in relation to the concrete situation of this country. Buckley put it neatly: "Our immobility, our incoherence, is more, merely, than the consequence of strategic indecisiveness and rhetorical confusion. What happened, during the Johnson-Nixon years, was a great seizure of self-disgust which fused handily with the new-found exigencies of our foreign policy."

Solzhenitsyn's criticisms similarly do not flow from subjective likes or dislikes: they are rooted in higher, impersonal standards which he proclaims, not on his own, but on a prophet's authority. A prophet is called to prophesy to all countries. Had he spoken in the East, he said, he would have dwelt on the East's calamities; speaking in the West and "as a friend," he must concentrate on ours. Thus Solzhenitsyn points to "despiritualization and irreligious humanistic consciousness"; decline of courage; legalism in lieu of moral substance; "difficulty

(Continues on page 1039)

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MIXING IT UP

New York City schools have found the simultaneous solution to minority students' reading problems and the difficulty of deciding which teachers are best qualified. They now hire by lottery—black box, white box

About-Face in New York Schools

HERMAN ARTHUR

LAST FALL, CANDIDATES for teaching positions in New York City encountered an unusual selection process. When they reported for assignment, they discovered that job openings had been divided between two boxes. One contained assignments in mainly white school districts; the other in districts where the student body is mainly black or Hispanic. White applicants had to select from the "minority" box; black and Hispanic applicants from the "white" box.

This procedure was the fruit of an agreement between the Board of Education and the U.S. Office for Civil Rights (OCR), an agency which proclaims: "Employment selection based on grounds of race, ethnicity, sex, or religion constitutes discrimination . . ."

The resulting furor led the Board to suspend this procedure in April, over the objections of OCR, but it maintains its written commitment to achieving "target" percentages and redistributing its staff on racial lines.

Ironies abound in the New York school system. The assignment of minority teachers to ghetto schools, which was common practice for years, was the result of pressure by minority organizations. Often vigilante groups "invited" white teachers to leave ghetto schools. Indeed, this racial "steering"—the channeling of black and Hispanic teachers into ghetto schools—was officially embodied in the 1970 Decentralization Act.

But now, the racial steering that was imposed at the insistence of black and Hispanic pressure groups is to be reversed at the insistence of OCR.

The demand for color-coded assignment of teachers in the Sixties was prompted by the failures of minority students under white teachers. It was argued that these students would do better under teachers of their own ethnic background. A recruitment program resulted in raising the minority teaching rolls from 6 per cent to 13 per cent of the total between 1966 and 1975. By 1975, minority members held 25 per cent of the school system's supervisory positions. (Discriminatory hiring has been made easier by the use of pass-fail examinations, producing unranked lists of applicants. Thus, after a pool of candidates is established, schools can select those candidates whose genetic identities they prefer, without the distraction of trying to judge their pedagogical competence as well.) And minority teacher representation in ghetto schools far exceeds these over-all figures. Yet the performance of *all* students has deteriorated.

The actions of the vigilantes, the 1970 Decentralization Act, and the OCR–Board of Education agreement had one thing in common. All practiced racism, ostensibly to end racism.

The New Civil Rights

School hiring policy became controversial with the rise of the civil rights movement and the upsurge of racial and ethnic consciousness. While the civil rights movement was opening doors for minorities, most minority children were doing too poorly in school to take advantage of the new opportunities. At the same time, heavy migration to New York had "tipped" the school population, so that from 1967 on whites have been a minority in the city school system.

Meanwhile, the pool of teachers and college-trained applicants in the Sixties was overwhelmingly white. In practice, qualified applicants of *any* ancestry were welcome, because the Board of Education was hard pressed to fill its open slots. The rapid increase in minority school enrollment, the rise of separatist movements, the popularity of protest in the streets, the largely white and heavily Jewish make-up of the teaching staff, all combined to produce a serious challenge to integration.

'Educational Genocide'

The call for reverse discrimination surfaced with the opening of IS 201, a new showcase school in East Harlem. In the spring of 1966 an Ad Hoc Parent Council demanded appointment of a black or Hispanic principal. The group's position was endorsed by the Reverend Milton Galamison (later named to the Board of Education by Mayor John Lindsay) and Isaiah Robinson (who has just stepped down from the Board).

Instead, the Board selected Stanley Lisser, who had a record of achievement in Harlem schools, but who was white and Jewish. The appointment led to months of turmoil. At one point Robinson charged that "black children are being slaughtered through educational genocide." Lisser was forced out.

Once the Board had retreated at IS

Mr. Arthur has taught in New York City schools for 15 years and is the author of two study guides, Puerto Rican History and Culture *and* The History of Black Americans.

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201, an anti-white movement mushroomed, largely unchecked. A few examples:

- JHS 258, Brooklyn—The principal "requested" a transfer after parents demanded that he and 14 teachers be ousted.
- PS 284, Brooklyn—Thirty teachers and the principal "requested" transfers after antisemitic literature was placed in their mailboxes.
- PS 123, Manhattan—The district superintendent removed the principal following complaints by a community group. Subsequently, teachers were instructed to travel in pairs for their personal safety. Many transfers followed.
- PS 149, Manhattan—Demonstrators barricaded the doors, demanding the appointment of a black supervisor. The other candidates "voluntarily" withdrew.
- JHS 164, Manhattan—Black Panthers stormed the school to demand a black principal. The acting principal "requested" a transfer.
- PS 39, Manhattan—Seven white teachers, after months of going to and from work with uniformed police escorts, left the school in June. A state investigator blamed the school administration for repeatedly harassing them.

In 1968-69 alone, more than five hundred complaints of similar harassment were filed with state authorities.

The confrontation crested in the fall of 1968 when Rhody McCoy, head of the Ocean Hill experimental district, removed 13 teachers (including one black) and six supervisors on charges of "disloyalty." When 350 other teachers walked out in protest, McCoy discharged them, leading to three citywide strikes and many ugly racial incidents. By March 1969, only four of the teachers who had started out the school year there remained in JHS 271, the eye of the hurricane. The 350 teachers who had been fired transferred elsewhere.

The Board's standard response in all situations was to facilitate such transfers. Transferred teachers were easily placed, though ousted supervisors were often put on paid standby at the Livingston Street headquarters (soon dubbed the "Livingston Hilton"). The Board was dominated by supporters of teacher segregation, under the banner of community control.

This policy of black teachers for black schools was given official blessing by the state legislature in the 1970 Decentralization Act, sidestepping Article V, Section 6 of the state constitution, which specifies that appointments and promotions "shall be made according to merit and fitness to be ascertained, as far as practicable, by examination, which, as far as practicable, *shall be competitive*."

That requirement was avoided by setting up separate hiring tracks. School districts with poor reading levels (mostly minority districts) could hire by race or nationality. They could select candidates from anywhere on the examination lists, ignoring the test scores, which at that time were still posted. Alternatively, they could hire applicants who took the easier National Teachers Examination. Those districts with average or superior reading levels, meanwhile, had to choose teachers in color-blind fashion, taking them in order of rank off the top of the competitive lists. They had to use the more difficult city teacher examinations.

Separate and Unequal

And these two exam systems were totally dissimilar. The more difficult exams included a) a test in written English for *all* licenses, b) a second test covering subject matter, and c) a panel interview on how to handle classroom situations. Candidates were graded numerically and ranked for appointment in grade order. The alternative National Teachers Examination, still in use, does not test written or oral English at all, even for an English license. It consists of a subject area short-answer test. No practical demonstration is required in such fields as music or industrial arts. The eligible school districts can ignore candidates' grades and select anyone above a minimal cutoff level.

The arrangement is both separate and unequal. As has happened so often in the past, minorities were treated as if they were outside the constitutional process, this time by bias presumably in favor of them. The legislation implied that black and Hispanic candidates were *per se* inferior, and should be judged by a lower standard.

The 1970 Act increased the hiring of minority teachers, but it also promoted segregation, and even led to appointment of some marginal illiterates. As minority districts gleaned minority teachers from competitive lists, the other districts were left mostly with white applicants.

By hiring on the basis of ancestry rather than ability, the schools most in need were severely restricting their choices. It made as much sense as it would for a baseball team to recruit from a single racial source. Louis Yavner, a state Regent, put it this way: "Kids who are doing less well should not be taught by teachers who are less prepared."

Until 1971, supervisors were also appointed via competitive testing. In that year, two unsuccessful applicants filed suit challenging the exams. They charged that the small number of successful minority candidates was proof of discrimination in the testing procedure.

A federal judge upheld their thesis of guilt by percentages. Without filing an appeal, or offering to modify the examinations, the Board of Education consented to a parent-controlled screening system. A parent committee now selects three candidates, one of whom is appointed by the Board. Unlike teachers, supervisor candidates no longer have to take any examination.

The new arrangement was made to order for segregation. Black parents selected black candidates. Hispanics selected Hispanics. Whites selected whites. The numbers of minority supervisors multiplied several times over, but their distribution was even more lopsided than that of teachers. With supervisory positions up for grabs, minority teachers moved up and out—up into the ranks of supervisors and out of white schools.

The Aspira consent decree gave additional impetus to segregation. A suit filed by Aspira on behalf of Hispanic students led to an agreement to establish so-called "bilingual" programs. All Spanish-surnamed pupils were screened, even high-school juniors, who presumably had coped with instruction in English for 11 years. Those children deemed deficient in English were placed in bilingual classes, without parental consent. (They cannot withdraw unless parents approve.) Children illit-

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erate in *both* languages were also enrolled.

Obviously, this program segregated Hispanic students within individual schools. It also concentrated Hispanic teachers in largely Hispanic school districts, tending to perpetuate the students' isolation from the mainstream.

The consent decree created an instant demand for Spanish-speaking teachers. Since only a handful was available, the solution was to issue "temporary" certificates, supposedly good for one semester only. Many of these "temporaries" have since received permanent status.

The 1975 budget crunch led to large-scale layoffs of classroom teachers. Blacks and Hispanics with relatively little seniority bore the brunt of the dismissals, leading to complaints that the layoffs were discriminatory. To protect minority supervisors from similar consequences, the Board invented "constructive" seniority—a doublespeak term giving them absolute preference over white supervisors with more years of service.

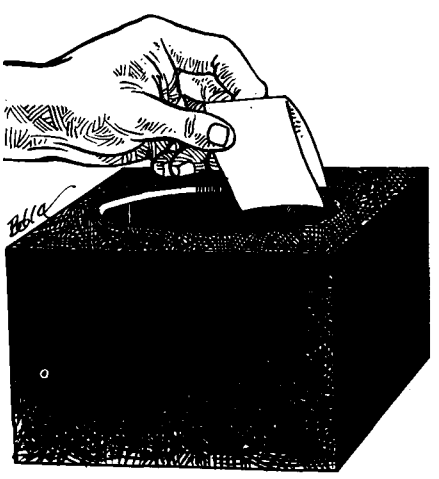
Success Story

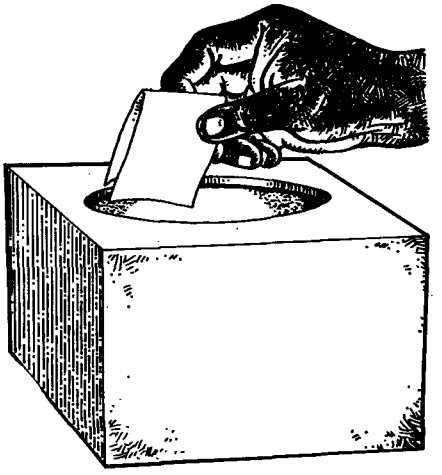
The rationale was that minority supervisors had been deprived of seniority by a discriminatory testing and appointments system. Consequently, an order issued on May 19, 1977 said:

> You may be eligible for constructive seniority if you fall into *both* of the following categories:
> a) Black or Hispanic descent
> b) failed a Board of Examiners [supervisory] test between 1960 and 1971. . . .
> Note: Additional seniority may also be granted to those black and Hispanic supervisors who were eligible to take a prior Board of Examiners test . . . *but who did not take the test because they believed such examination to be discriminatory*. . . . [My italics.]

In short, white applicants who failed tests (and then passed a later exam) were deemed to have failed because they lacked competence. Minority applicants who failed tests were deemed to have failed *in all cases* because of discrimination. The possibility that they too may have lacked competence is unmentionable.

The order implies that a black or Hispanic supervisor who *passed* such an exam is *not* entitled to "constructive" seniority. He or she could be laid off ahead of a later arrival who never even took a test! To fail is to succeed.





Where do the schools go from here? Future staffing will be based primarily on ethnic and racial percentage targets, with testing, qualifications, and on-the-job performance taking a back seat. However, the assumption that percentage shortfalls prove bias rests on rickety underpinnings. Percentage *may* indicate discrimination, but other factors may be responsible for lopsided representation in a given employment area. These may include cultural values, family traditions, historic patterns, geographic location, emulation of role models.

If the authorities plan to spend America's second two hundred years wrestling with percentages, the least they could do is apply two criteria:

1. Is there denial of employment opportunity to qualified individuals from under-represented groups?

2. Are potential applicants discouraged, harassed, or otherwise hindered from acquiring training and entering the field?

If the answers are "yes" to both questions, then discrimination exists. But neither condition applied to minority applicants for New York school positions.

Senator Daniel Moynihan rubbed a raw nerve by comparing last fall's "black box–white box" hiring with the Nazi Nuremberg decrees. Both the Board and OCR hastily disclaimed authorship of the arrangement, leaving one to wonder which egg it hatched from. And the Nuremberg analogy has some validity: the scale was infinitely different, but the principle—each applicant was labeled as to ancestry and then barred from certain assignments—was the same.

Labeling raises interesting questions. How does the Board define "white," "Hispanic," or "black"? Does it use a color chart? Examine surnames? Inspect fingernails? Check what the Spanish aristocracy called *limpieza de sangre*? If André Watts—Hungarian and black—decided to teach music, which box would he pick from? If Franco Harris wanted to coach football, would he be labeled Italian-American or black-American?

Who Is What?

Surnames are poor indicators indeed. Sephardic Jews five centuries removed from Iberia have Hispanic surnames. So do WASP women married to Hispanic males. Conversely, Hispanic women wed to outsiders would be "whited out" unless they used their maiden names. Names are easy to alter, too. One supervisor added an "o" to his first name and, voilà! he became a top official at the Board.

The sensible and constitutional solution is to treat applicants impartially as members of the human race, through some type of standard merit exam system. OCR should limit its role to determining the objectivity and fairness of exam procedures and content. The Board's concern should be to develop tests and evaluations which truly measure teacher competence. Such an approach would allow the system to concentrate on the pertinent business of the day—how to find teachers and administrators who can cope with an afflicted school system. □

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BUNDY MONEY

Catholic-With a Capital C

KENNETH F. SLATTERY

On June 19, 1968, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller took positive steps to preserve the private sector of higher education in the State of New York. On that day he signed into law a bill mandating that public monies be channeled to the state's private universities and colleges. The impetus for this truly innovative legislation had come from the January 1968 report of a special educational commission headed by McGeorge Bundy.

The measure was widely applauded. In a period of financial worry for independent colleges, the state had seen fit to recognize their contributions to the commonweal by providing them with much-needed dollars. There were to be no strings attached, other than the requirement that the recipients submit an innocuous statistical report to the state Education Department each year.

Touching all the bases, Ewald Nyquist, then Deputy Commissioner of Education, personally contacted the presidents of New York's Catholic schools during Easter week 1968. Nyquist wished to have the Catholic hierarchy on his team, so he assured them that Catholic colleges and universities would receive their share of state funds "later on." That promise won the day. The secular and the Catholic segments of the private sector joined forces, and the so-called "Bundy money"—annual direct state grants for private higher education—eventually became a reality. One by one, most Catholic institutions of higher education, from New York City north to Albany and west to Buffalo, opted to accept state aid.

By now, though, Nyquist was Commissioner of Education, appointed by the Regents on November 21, 1969. And in that new post, Nyquist was suddenly to be found requiring each Catholic school to secularize—i.e., to sever its ties with the Catholic Church—before he added its name to the growing list of Bundy institutions. In doing so Nyquist was seeking to avoid legal forays by the ACLU and the American Jewish Congress against this disposition of funds. And in a sense he had no choice, since the Blaine Amendment of 1894 was still on the books, prohibiting financial assistance to a school "under the control or direction of any religious denomination or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught." The Commissioner and his counselor, Fred Stone, were unable to specify the criteria an institution must meet in order to qualify for the state's largesse—definitive norms would have invited challenges in the courts. This much, however, was clear: to be numbered among the Bundy elect, a school must divest itself of its religious character—it must renounce any allegiance it may have had to a set of religious teachings.

In determining the eligibility of a college or university for state funding, Nyquist based his decision not on any single factor, but on his understanding of the institution as a whole. A series of characteristics such as the following could disqualify a school from participating in the state's liberality:

- indications of a strong religious commitment, judging by the catalogue and other school publications;
- existence of a close legal relationship between the school and the sponsoring religious community, as evidenced, for example, by a statutory requirement that the president must be a member of that community;
- the conducting of religious exercises on campus primarily by a particular denomination.

Of major concern to the Commissioner were the content and the spirit of the theology courses taught at these institutions. Before he granted a favorable judgment, Nyquist's practice was to ask Jerald Brauer of the University of Chicago Divinity School to visit the campus and judge whether the courses in theology were presented in a truly ecumenical mode.

The question can be posed: Why did nearly all the Catholic colleges and universities in New York State opt for "Bundy money" on Commissioner Nyquist's terms? None cited extreme poverty; none claimed that, bereft of state aid, it would have to close its doors. Some, at least, of the Catholic schools which decided to delete the name "Catholic" from their official publications in return for public funds

Father Slattery is vice president for communications at St. John's University in New York.

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did so on principle. They decided that a Catholic college or university is to a certain degree autonomous. It stands apart, as it were, from the Church community. To preserve its religious identity, however, it maintains a "Catholic presence."

This approach to Catholic higher education was not entirely novel. In the late Sixties, then-Sister Jacqueline Grennan, president of Webster College in the suburbs of St. Louis, insisted that a "Catholic university" is a contradiction. A university, she felt, ought to enjoy untrammeled freedom, whereas the Church imposes juridical restrictions on its membership, corporate as well as individual. In an attempt to resolve the dilemma, a seminar on the nature of the contemporary Catholic university was held in Land O' Lakes, Wisconsin in July of 1967. On that occasion, the presidents of such prestigious Catholic institutions as Boston College, and Fordham, Georgetown, Notre Dame, and St. Louis Universities, endorsed a position paper which read: "To perform its teaching and research functions effectively, *the Catholic university must have a true autonomy and academic freedom in the face of authority of whatever kind*, lay or clerical, external to the academic community itself." (Emphasis mine.) Thus, at Land O' Lakes, Catholic educators insisted on a Catholic university's independence from the Church even though that would mean severing its institutional kinship with Catholicism.

THE UNTHINKABLE had taken place. The leading figures in Catholic higher education had declared that for them a Catholic university was identical with a non-Catholic university. Would a "Catholic presence" be sufficient to preserve its religious identity? One finds a "Catholic presence" at Harvard and NYU, in the person of the Catholic chaplain and the members of the Newman Club. Yet the secular nature of such institutions remains basically unchanged.

Of the 47 Catholic colleges and universities located in New York State in 1968, only three opted, explicitly and formally, to remain Catholic with a capital "C": medium-sized, picturesque Niagara University in western New York; influential St. John's University, with its two New York City campuses, in Queens and Staten Island; and small, highly personal Molloy College in Rockville Centre on Long Island.

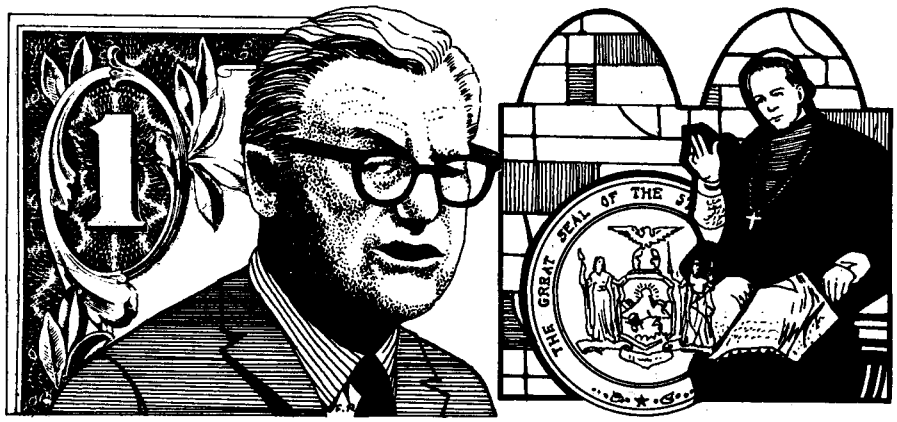
Why did these three schools decide to go it alone? They did not differ in any obvious way from their co-religionists in the Bundy camp; they were not especially goody-goody; they could all certainly use state dollars.

Spontaneously and individually, these three institutions decided to make a forthright commitment to Catholicism. Each came to the conclusion that it was quite proper for a modern college or university to be unashamedly religious. They judged that God-centered colleges and universities belong on the educational horizon in a pluralistic society which extols freedom of choice.

Suddenly isolated on the sea of academe, these three schools nonetheless resolutely refused to pay the price: secularization for state dollars. They were convinced that a society within the Church has responsibilities analogous to those of an individual who embraces its tenets. *The Constitution on the Church* of Vatican II requires of the faithful "religious submission of will and mind . . . to the authentic teaching authority of the Roman Pontiff." Similarly, ought not a Catholic university or college to pledge its allegiance to those religious and moral truths proposed by the Church which possesses the divine assurance, ". . . know that I am with you always; yes, to the end of time"? (Matt. 28:20.)

In an address to the delegates of Catholic universities gathered in Rome on November 27, 1972, Pope Paul VI said: "Fidelity to the Christian message, as it comes to us through the Church, constitutes the *raison d'être* of [a Catholic university's] . . . institutional commitment." What is the goal of Catholic higher education? According to the Holy Father, above all it must strive to be faithful to the principles of Christianity as enunciated by the Church. In view of that clear-cut objective, a Catholic university cannot accede to Nyquist's proviso without forfeiting its Catholic identity.

Five months later, on April 25, 1973, Cardinal Garrone, the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for Catholic Education, wrote a letter to the presidents of Catholic universities in which he stressed the necessity for each Catholic university "to set out formally and without equivocation . . . its character and commitment as 'Catholic.' " Bundy schools with amorphous Catholic ties reject this Church directive.



Interestingly, during the academic year 1977-78, Niagara, St. John's, and Molloy experienced the highest enrollments in their respective histories. The very uniqueness of these schools undoubtedly has played a role in attracting students to their campuses: they all stress the fact of human dignity; emphasize the importance of duties as well as rights; affirm their support of moral absolutes; and are ecumenically God-oriented, while simultaneously voicing the conviction that the Catholic Church is the divinely revealed Church of Christ.

Will these three specifically Catholic schools continue to grace the educational landscape in 1990, when there will be only two-thirds the number of high-school graduates as there are today? It could well happen; it could well be that Catholic higher education is not moribund after all. □

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IDIOT LIBERATION

The Little People's President

THOMAS W. HAZLETT

PRESIDENT JIMMY CARTER has made one point quite pointedly: he favors the Little Man in America. The Little Man who can't propel himself to the County Registrar's office thirty days prior to an election; the Little Man who can't afford to pay 15 cents on the dollar for food stamps; the Little Man who buys a Little Car instead of a "gas guzzler."

But the Administration's fight for the downtrodden has just begun. Let us take a peek at the Little People's drawing board.

Top Administration sources reveal that in October of 1978, with an eye to the congressional elections, Carter will propose the Federal Idiot Liberation Act (FILA). This landmark legislation will guarantee full civil liberties to all "small brained" citizens and outlaw discrimination based on intelligence as well as the use of aptitude or performance tests in hiring. (College degrees remain acceptable hiring criteria, however, because there is no proven relationship between intelligence and college degrees.)

The President will appoint a blue-ribbon panel of low-intelligence experts to study the harmful effects of anti-idiot discrimination. Most disturbing to panel chairman Joseph Califano, Secretary of HEW, is that "many of the mentally disadvantaged could lead productive, exciting lives if they were just given a chance. We've used these folks at HEW for years and they have been responsible for some of our biggest programs." The proposal will include modest tax rebates for persons of under 125 IQ and will eliminate virtually all taxes for those of 90 IQ. For those under 65 IQ the government will provide food stamps, Army surplus clothing, color television sets, and discounts on volume purchases of Billy Beer. Enforcement of the Act will be monitored by the new Central Low Intelligence Agency (CLIA).

And what about the Little People on the roads? It is really getting impossible for the common man to move around our great land, especially at rush hour. This causes what sociologists refer to as automotive anxiety and internal combustion frustration. Hence, Brock Adams, Secretary of Transportation, has planned for the President to deliver, in his January 1979 State of the Union message, great news for every Little Driver in the nation: the Federal Highways Justice Act. This would establish special "citizens' lanes" for "average Americans."

To qualify for access to these special high-speed, traffic-free lanes, citizens must either be traveling on public buses, carry eight or more passengers in their car, drive an officially registered government vehicle, or have a 1968 or earlier model Volkswagen. Expressly prohibited from all lanes on federal highways during peak rush hours will be chauffeured limousines, company cars, taxis, and vehicles engaged in a profitable venture of any kind.

The Carter Administration predicts that adoption of the "citizens' lanes" will spread rapidly throughout the nation. "Not only will we provide the free federal money to make the necessary changes," says Adams, "but failure to convert to this remarkable new concept will result in a state's losing all past highway grants by the process of detonation"—i.e., the Federal Government "would not hesitate to demolish the federally funded roads within a non-complying state, and destroy all access roads leading into the state as well."

In the fall of 1979, the Administration plans to address the plight of the millions of non-athletes in America. Hamilton Jordan said it best: "Why should the mere size of a man determine the athletic measure of a man?" The Administration plans to disclose its Office of Equal Athletic Opportunity (OEAO) during the half-time of the '79 Michigan-Ohio State football game. This new federal agency is designed to eliminate the "tyranny of the biceps."

Most notably, the OEAO will require that any college or university receiving federal monies must devote not less than 21.32 per cent of its athletic scholarships to Little People. Little Men will be defined as males under 5 feet 4 inches or weighing less than 130 pounds; Little Women will be defined by Louisa May Alcott.

In the summer of 1980, the White House plans to drop another bombshell for Little People—the Small Cat and Dog Act (SCAD). Designed to eliminate the world hunger problem, the SCAD Act will impose surtaxes on owners of cats or dogs consuming more than 0.75 APPDs (Alpo pounds per day). This will save precious beef and beef by-products by encouraging people to keep more Beagles and fewer Dobermans. (A provision of the bill will preclude any tax breaks to owners of poodles, Pekingese, or Chihuahuas, since owners of these fuel-efficient pets have a mean income of three times the national average.)

Finally, to clinch a unanimous re-election, President Carter will propound —twenty minutes before the polls open on November 5, 1980—the Underachievers Emancipation Proclamation. This watershed program will:

1. Establish stiff penalties for any public school teacher who can be ascertained to have ever awarded a grade of less than C+;

2. Outlaw beauty contests, bowling tournaments, tennis matches, 4-H fairs, and poker games wherein less than 80 per cent of the participants are adjudged to be winners;

3. Require that all employers respect the excuse, "I couldn't get to it," when confronting an employee.

President Jimmy Carter was elected on a platform to "be at one" with the common man. He has unquestionably upheld his end of the bargain. He has begun to give us a government of Little People, by Little People, and for Little People. This is the legacy, in advance, of Jimmy Carter. □

Mr. Hazlett is working on his doctorate in economics at UCLA.

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The New Separatism

TUCKED AWAY in the Italian Alps, not far from the Simplon Tunnel into Switzerland, are several villages with their own distinctive character. The people who live there are a cultural amalgam, bearing the imprints of their region's history; many of them speak German, though most speak Italian; they very definitely do not want to be confused with the neighboring Piedmontese. They are called Ossolani; and in the regional elections this spring they surprised Italy by voting overwhelmingly for the *Federatzione Ossolana Autonoma*, a party which demands local political autonomy.

Their vote was only superficially a quaint act of defiance, like Martha's Vineyard attempting to secede from Massachusetts. Actually, it is symptomatic of a trend throughout Italy and indeed all of Europe. If the Sixties were the years of African decolonization, the late Seventies and the Eighties may be the years of European denationalization.

The nationalist impulse, once so compelling, is dissipating. In the last century, Swiss thinker Jacob Burckhardt argued that, as far as nations were concerned, Big Is Beautiful. This view was widely held; and so movements such as pan-Slavism, pan-Germanism, and Anglo-Saxonism swept Europe. The urge to consolidate was especially strong in Italy because of its history of domination by the big powers—France, Austria, the Church.

The trend is now reversed. For the Ossolani, the demand for autonomy means many things, among them the simple desire to preserve some of their own culture and civilization. Ancient Rome was the glory of the western Mediterranean, but the history of each of the individual Italian states is also rich in tradition and culture. These states flourished during the late Middle Ages and into the Renaissance. Until the eighteenth century, in fact, educated Europeans studied Italian, not French. The courts of Turin, Milan, Florence, Naples, Parma, and Mantua, the patrician rulers of Venice and Genoa, the Vatican, and a multitude of other Italian principalities, bishoprics, and republics nurtured countless painters, sculptors, architects, writers, and musicians, including some of the greatest artists of all time.

As the federal government in Rome continues to falter, people like the Ossolani are more and more inclined to stress this local cultural heritage. Economic and political instability diminishes loyalty to Rome. In Friuli a strong nostalgia has grown up for Austrian rule, which it has not had since 1866; in the South Tyrol, of course, those pro-Austrian sentiments never died. Along with the South Tyrol, Sardinia, Sicily, and the Val d'Aosta have been granted some local sovereignty. Now the Ossolani are asking for theirs, and doubtless others will follow.

BUT THE trend is not limited to Italy; minorities everywhere, even the obscure and long-forgotten, are rebelling against centralization. (There is of course an irony to all this, in the simultaneous drive for a United States of Europe, including the election of a continental parliament next year.) Even the Swiss, so expert at assimilating diverse groups, are not immune. The francophone Catholics in the Bernese Jura have been arguing—with threats and bombs—that they should be permitted to form their own canton, free from the rule of the German and Calvinist Canton Berne. Cantons are at least as powerful as states in the U.S., and the addition of another would have important federal implications.

In Austria, the separatists are the Slovenes, who reject the dominance of the German language and culture. Slovene, which is spoken by nearly two million people in neighboring Yugoslavia, has little currency in Austria. However, like so many other small groups, the Slovenes refuse to go along with strict notions of legal equality based on numbers; they feel that this affords them insufficient protection against the majority. The Slovenes have even gone so far as to refuse to participate in a national census which would determine their numerical strength. They want certain privileges; but unfortunately privileges are "undemocratic."

France has several festering minority movements: the Bretons, who increasingly turn to violence; a Basque enclave, not as extreme as its Spanish counterpart but still dynamic; and the Corsicans. There is a mounting demand for the preservation of German in Alsace, and, traveling through France, I have even encountered young people from Flanders and Roussillon who are pleading for a measure of local rights. Perhaps the most curious are the numerous "Occitanists," who brandish the Cather Cross and decorate walls with the phrase "*Parlatz Occitan.*"

The Spanish Basques, of course, have received the most publicity, if only because of the violence of their protest. The tenacity of their efforts has obscured the fact that, as in so many of these movements, there is a serious rift between those who want merely some sort of political autonomy, and others (a minority) who demand complete separation. But the movement persists, even though very few of its members still speak Basque (a difficult idiom, which has no literary tradition). The Basques speak Spanish, just as the IRA Irish speak English.

We know a great deal about minority dissatisfaction in the West, of course, because these groups are accorded the privileges of civil liberties. Such is not the case on the other side of the Iron Curtain. Ethnic groups there often suffer a worse fate than slow assimilation. They are ruthlessly suppressed; sometimes even their existence is denied through the alteration of official state records. Only rarely does news of ethnic dissent reach the West, as it has recently concerning the large Hungarian population in Rumania. It is true that in the West there is often less tolerance than there should be of ethnic rights and traditions. In the East, of course, they don't have that problem; there, they are all socialist brethren. □

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LETTER FROM MEXICO

The University as Sanctuary

CARLOS UNTEL

STRIKES AGAINST universities are as common in Mexico today as they were in the United States during the Sixties, and often they are even more violent, with beatings, kidnappings, gun fights, and an occasional murder added to the usual "trashing" and property destruction. The strikes are moves in a declared campaign by admirers of Che, Mao, Ho, and Allende to destabilize the government and open the way for a Marxist regime, just as their idol, Fidel Castro, did in Cuba.

Scores of university strikes have erupted in Mexico and elsewhere in Latin America in recent years. Almost all have been called by left-wing extremists, and all have involved a perversion of the principle of university autonomy. (Nor can Mexicans easily dismiss fears concerning Communist intentions as "paranoid." In 1968 a Communist *golpe de estado* was launched from the National University. In 1971, five top Soviet diplomats were expelled for having recruited fifty Mexican youths for terrorist training in North Korea.)

When the Mexican government, following a trend which swept Latin America half a century ago, first granted autonomy to the National University in 1929, it hoped to isolate the pursuit of knowledge from all taint of politics. The government's role was to hand over the annual appropriation in a lump sum and then stand well back. The university would rule itself with high-minded academic integrity.

That lofty ideal was soon corrupted. National and then state universities, many of them headed and largely staffed by Marxists of one kind or another, interpreted freedom to teach as license to impose Communist dogma, and campus autonomy as nothing less than extraterritoriality. Extremists ruled the campus off limits, not only to police but to the president of the Republic. When President Luis Echeverría, warm friend though he is to the Third World, visited the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de Mexico (UNAM) on March 14, 1975, campus denizens, in a sort of replay of McNamara at Harvard, tried earnestly to lynch him. He was rescued by his bodyguard and hustled away, bleeding profusely from a scalp wound. He never came back, and nobody was arrested.

City and federal cops discovered that they could not lay hands on an alleged student who managed, when fleeing a crime, to reach a campus one jump ahead of them. An example of just how widely autonomy spread its protective wing over crime was provided in 1976 when terrorists of the Liga Comunista 23 de Septiembre gunned down eight policemen taking a coffee break in a diner in Mexico City. The killers escaped into the nearby Instituto Politécnico Nacional. Raging colleagues of the murdered officers were forbidden to follow.

A related outrage occurred in Puebla, known as the City of Angels. Students captured two policemen, tortured them to death, and threw the bodies out a university window into the street. No arrests were attempted, and the University of Puebla is still off limits to police. So is almost every other state-run college in the republic.

FOREIGN AGENTS (headed by members of the Soviet KGB), domestic agitators, *guerrilleros,* burglars, and ordinary hoodlums watched with delight as autonomy opened new vistas to them. With no fees to pay or qualifications to meet, anybody could become a "student" and begin operating out of sanctuary. Crime and politics flourished on campus as never before. So, too, did indoctrination. While he was president, Echeverría appointed scores of Marxist refugees from the collapse of Allende's regime in Chile as professors with tenure in the university system, just as President Lázaro Cárdenas had done with Communist refugees from the Spanish Civil War a generation earlier.

Autonomy was an especial boon to Castro. Most Latin American nations—with the exception of Mexico, where his revolutionary band was financed and trained in the 1950s—broke relations with Cuba soon after Castro seized power in 1959. They objected to his savagery in killing off enemies and suspected opponents, and even more to his zeal in attempting to "liberate" neighboring—i.e., their—countries.

Lacking embassies to use as bases for subversion, Castro found that the autonomous universities would do almost as well. That insight came of experience. As a young *pistolero* in the autonomous University of Havana, he had often thumbed his nose at the cops from that redoubt.

With Cuban support, a score of universities in Central and South America became guerrilla communications, recruiting, and training centers, some of them staffed by graduates of Castro's terror schools. In Guatemala they often led students out of the capital city on bicycles to join one of the three Castro-linked terrorist bands for a weekend of shooting soldiers.

In Venezuela the *guerrilleros* were still bolder. For years, that country's main gang—also directed and armed by Communist Cuba—made its headquarters in the Central University of Caracas. They converted the campus into a depot for receiving and disguising cars they stole to finance some of their depredations. They compelled officials to set aside part of the university hospital for comrades wounded in battle with government forces, and they seized part of the university print shop for the production of revolutionary manifestos. Until the government at last summoned courage to defy the autonomy taboo and send troops to oust them, terrorist "expropriation" squads repeatedly sped directly to sanctuary on campus after assassinations and bank robberies.

Similar abuses of autonomy occurred during the Sixties from Mexico to Patagonia, greatly hampering government efforts to stamp out the rush of Castro-inspired robberies, kidnappings, and killings that afflicted almost every Latin

Mr. Untel is a veteran foreign correspondent now living in Mexico.

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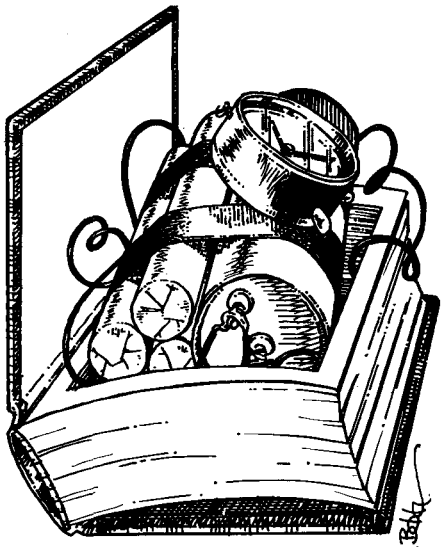
American country for a decade. The fact that there are only two remaining civilian-run governments in South America proper is one of the results of that abuse. Autonomy—along with many less equivocal civil rights—fell victim to terror.

Mexico, where high unemployment and soaring inflation are endemic, is still under siege. Half a dozen instructors in the State University of Guerrero (Acapulco) were jailed in 1976 on charges ranging from theft to kidnapping and murder. One told reporters of giving classroom instruction in stalking and seizing kidnap victims, and of field exercises with guns and explosives to be used in holdups and demolitions. Top graduates were to be sent for advanced instruction in terrorism to Cuba, East Germany, or the Soviet Union. Reports of kidnappings, bombings, and payroll robberies, and of guerrilla training in universities and teachers' colleges, continue to appear in regional newspapers.

A major university strike aimed at social dissolution saw the Communist-run STUNAM (for Sindicato de Trabajadores de UNAM) seize and hold for three weeks last summer the colossal National University on the outskirts of Mexico City. The labor union is headed by Evaristo Perez Arreola, who, like several of his union colleagues, was a Communist Party candidate for federal office in 1976. The strikers hoisted their black-and-red strike flag over the rectory, squatted over piles of Molotov cocktails (five hundred, by a later police count), barricaded the gates, and defied the government to evict them. The University is the world's largest. It has 250,000 enrollees, of whom, an education authority has said, not more than one-third are genuine students.



University officials, anxious not to create martyrs, acted cautiously while public indignation against the strikers mounted. They had timed the strike to disrupt final examinations, and the real students feared their year's work would go down the drain. To avert that, the University improvised classes. Although the public schools were in recess, the Federal Secretariat of Education did not offer the use of public school buildings. Classes were held in rented rooms, in parks, and over three television channels. Union pickets tried to disrupt those classes, too.

On campus the strikers were not altogether idle. Power and water had been cut off, and the occupiers, amid piles of garbage, spent their time breaking windows, littering, and painting obscene and/or misspelled revolutionary slogans on all walls within reach. Traveling union emissaries were trying, meanwhile, to persuade union allies in the big state-owned oil, electric, and railroad industries to help them spread chaos by joining the walkout.

Dr. Guillermo Soberon Acevedo, the university rector, whose daughter, Socorro, had been kidnapped a year earlier (she was released on payment of a half-million pesos' ransom) disclosed the union's demands. Along with a 20 per cent pay increase, they wanted a voice in academic policy, including choice of courses of study and the selection and salaries of professors. Alumni associations published denunciations of that effrontery, and urged the government to end the occupation at once—by force, if necessary.

When the National Labor Board, after a pause of ten days, ruled the strike illegal, most strikers tried to return to work, but they were barred by six hundred holdouts. In a dawn raid, three thousand unarmed policemen arrested 541 of them and scooped up quantities of bombs, firearms, and subversive literature. Threats of a general rising fizzled out.

Most of the strikers were released at once, but six leaders were charged with sabotage, vandalism, and illegal possession of government property. Dr. Soberon said physical damage to the University amounted to the equivalent of about $18 million.

Articulate segments of the population rejoiced that the union chiefs were about to be tried for outrages in behalf of what the newspapers delicately called "foreign influences." They predicted that the Congress would at last enact legislation to put an end to abuses of university autonomy by subversive minorities, "fossilized" students, and professors devoted to advancing the Marxist cause. It was high time, a major newspaper said editorially, since numbers of Communists who had been active in university strikes and seizures during the Sixties were now "encrusted" in high positions in the government itself, including the cabinet.

AND THEN—anticlimax. Instead of languishing in jail, the strike leaders were immediately back in circulation and back on the university payroll, negotiating this time with government rather than university officials. Appeasement was again the order of the day.

Acceptance by the government (reportedly over the protest of the rector) of the Communist strike leaders as legitimate representatives of the entire university community stirred bitter comment. "The gravest kind of precedent is set by the administration of President López Portillo in demonstrating that national institutions continue to be at the mercy of little groups of subversives," Gerardo Canseco wrote in his column in *El Heraldo*.

A year later the situation remained tense and unchanged. Although the Congress found time recently to relegalize the Communist Party of Mexico, it has not acted on the insistent public demand that the basic law governing university autonomy be revised. Autonomy is still, as a disgusted critic said, "a time bomb with Communists in control of the detonator."

"The people must understand that the fight for the university is the fight for the country," warned German Cabrera Ponton, head of a national association of college professors. "If the university falls, the state will fall too, and not long afterward."

Mexican Communists, cheered by President López Portillo's recent 15-day friendship tour of the Soviet Union and Bulgaria, couldn't agree more. With their allies around the world, they are working hard in that belief. □

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One-Room Schoolhouse

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

THE TYPICAL American school classroom being what it is, often I think that the less time young folk spend there, the better educated they may become. Also it is well, whenever possible, to escape from today's conventional textbook.

Of the many forms of "alternative education" available, one of the most charming and effectual goes on at the Edison Institute, Dearborn, Michigan. The Edison Institute, founded by the first Henry Ford, consists of Greenfield Village, the Henry Ford Museum, and a variety of associated educational projects, including a department of education and valuable publications. These facilities are readily available to teachers and pupils in much of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Ontario; and for those farther afield, a bus-trip for a day or a week to the Edison Institute will repay the pilgrims many times over.

Greenfield Village and the Ford Museum form one of America's chief tourist attractions. Although situated in the heart of the Ford industrial empire, just outside Detroit, the Edison Institute no longer is connected with either the Ford Motor Company or the Ford Foundation. It is an island of beauty and historic preservation surrounded by what used to be called "the arsenal of democracy." There is even a lovely Williamsburg-style hotel across the street, the Dearborn Inn (also no longer Ford-owned).

In dear dead days almost beyond recall, for several summers I was a guide at Greenfield Village. In those times, the Institute ran its own school system, all the way from kindergarten through high school. This no longer functions, but, instead, the Institute conducts an extensive program of services for schoolchildren and an adult-education system. Were I a teacher, I would slip away whenever possible, with my young charges, to the peace and charm of Village and Museum.

Greenfield Village, within its brick walls, is a collection, spread over many acres, of historic buildings, most of them the original structures transplanted to this Ford land. Among my favorites are Noah Webster's Federalist house, the Cotswold cottage (from England), Sir John Bennett's jewelry store (from London), the Ann Arbor house where Robert Frost once lived, the Clinton Inn, the Logan County Courthouse (where Lincoln practiced law) . . . but my space is limited. There are mills of many kinds, craft shops (the original buildings) with craftsmen at work therein, even a functioning railroad and a functioning steamboat.

The Henry Ford Museum, in a vast building modeled upon Independence Hall, is chiefly a museum of the history of technology and crafts. What collections of automobiles, airplanes, steam-engines, rows of antique shops, illuminating devices, textiles, pottery, folk art, furniture! All this is systematically arranged, better planned than it was in my college days; and I suppose that if all the evidences of human ingenuity in crafts and industry were destroyed everywhere else in the world, but the Ford Museum survived—why, it would be possible to re-create all the triumphs of industry from the original devices and machines which stand beneath the roof of this beautiful eighteenth century hall.

Within the Village are three school buildings. One is the McGuffey School, frontier-style, made of logs from the seventeenth century barn of the famous McGuffey's grandfather (the log birthplace of the editor of the *Readers* standing next door). Another is the Miller School, from near Dearborn, a representative one-room school of the nineteenth century, which Henry Ford attended for two years. The third is the Scotch Settlement School, also with Ford associations, and also a one-room school of more than a century ago. As many people have begun to understand, a good deal more genuine learning was acquired within these little schools than can be obtained within the inhumane gigantic educational complexes with which we have been endowed by the notions of James Bryant Conant and his kind.

Now it is possible to see what used to occur in these one-room schools: for the Village's and the Museum's most popular educational program is "Your Day in a School of the 1800s." Teachers bring their pupils and actually teach them in these cozy schools of yesteryear. Also there is a miniature house for kindergarteners and pre-school children where there are conducted programs called "When Grandpa and Grandma Were Young."

Then there are "lesson tours" for school groups—many of them, seriously undertaken: a tour on "Early American Living," one on "Home Life in the 1800s," one on "Nineteenth Century Michigan," one on "Transportation," one on "The Automobile," one on "Development of Power." There are frequent happy "Happenings"—plays, early films, lectures on antiques, historical concerts, "Country Fair of Yesterday" (two days of it), "The Old Time Summer Festival," "The Muzzle-Loaders' Festival," many more.

There are workshops for teachers, and an educational bulletin, *The Village Teacher*; non-credit adult-education courses, chiefly in crafts; adult-education courses for credit, chiefly in the use of museums as a teaching resource; and children's craft classes. Village and Museum publish some books of their own, too.

TEACHERS AND OTHERS interested in the Institute's resource materials may write to School Services, Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. For $20 a year, one can become a Friend of Greenfield Village and Henry Ford Museum, with free admission, various publications, and other privileges and perquisites.

If I dwelt near Dearborn, and had an ample private income, I think I would embark on a lively educational experiment. I would withdraw my four daughters from school and educate them myself. (This would be lawful, in Michigan, for my wife has the required teacher's certificate.) Five days every week, I would take my small daughters to Village and Museum, where they could enjoy the large resources of the Edison Institute. Then, on returning home, I would lecture my daughters systematically on themes related to what is to be seen in Village and Museum, and have them read good books in those fields, and administer my own examinations. As the Institute's *Village Teacher* puts it, "Education extends beyond the textbook." □

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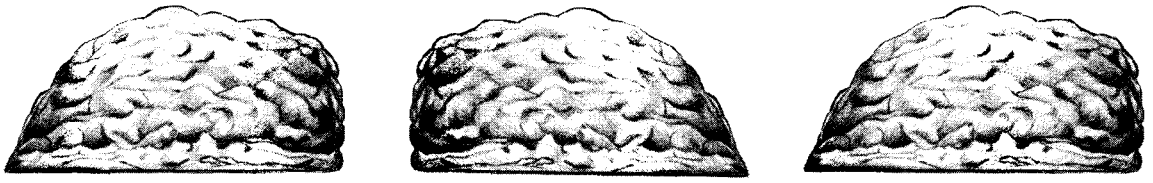
Where Do You Find The "New" Conservatives?



It stands to reason, an awful lot of potential conservatives (the "new" conservatives) in this land of over two hundred million people have never ever held a copy of **National Review** in their hands (what a shame *that* is!). We have no way of knowing who they are but we do believe they're missing something that could be mighty important to *all* of us—that unique other side of the news that you get only in NR. It's something you've simply got to have if you're going to be a truly informed conservative. And isn't that exactly what we need more of these days?

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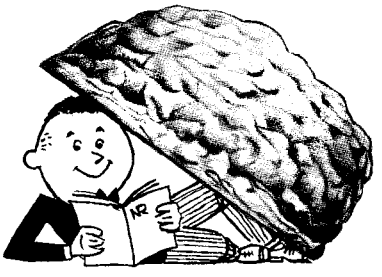

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Fire in the Dust

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

The Gulag Archipelago III
By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn
Translated by Harry Willetts
Harper & Row, 558 pp., $16.95

Gulag III, while it is largely more of the same—injustice, murder, torture, random brutality, and annihilation on a scale unimaginable to us—is also more. It is a tale of defiance, resistance, escape, and heroism. Stalin brought it on himself at the end of World War II. While Truman conceived the "52-20 club" to absorb the millions of demobilized troops, Stalin simply raised the standard sentence for "political" offenders from ten to 25 years, charged legions of innocent people under the infamous Article 58, and then segregated these politicals—*katorzhane*—in special camps under a regime much harsher than the one described in the earlier volumes.

But then something unheard-of took place. Before, when the standard sentence was ten years, a man could see the end of it—could make the necessary adjustments, endure, survive, hope. A "quarter" was another matter. Beyond hope or despair, the *katorzhane* in the special camps mutated. Segregated now and no longer terrorized by the "thieves" and "bitches"—the common criminals with whom they had formerly been confined—the inmates of these special camps began to think of themselves as something special indeed, as "politicals": *katorzhane*. The large, despised numbers they wore became badges of distinction. Loyalties formed. Stool pigeons were methodically murdered. Sparks ignited, slowly at first, then with suicidal abandon.

"Just wait, you vermin! Truman will see you off! They'll drop the atom bomb on your heads!": the prisoners shook their fists and bellowed at their warders, heedless of the beatings and the tours in the "isolator" they might incur. For, Solzhenitsyn explains, ". . . we should not have minded if we and our tormentors were incinerated by the same bomb. We were in that final stage at which there is nothing to lose."

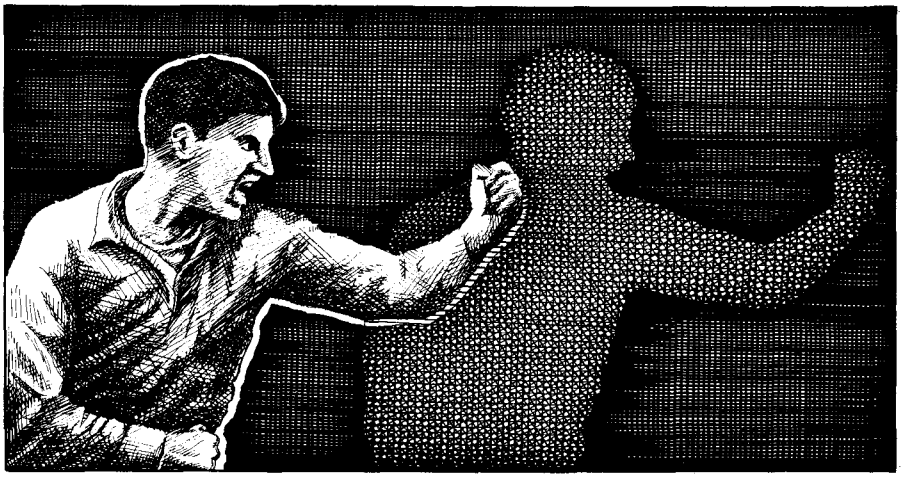
Prisoners who were marched to construction sites every morning in handcuffs got into the habit of picking the locks, and removing and hiding the cuffs. A guard asks for them, you tell him another guard has already taken them. Grease the cuffs, wrap them in oil paper, sink the package into the wet mortar of a new building's cornerstone. Enclose a note: *Descendants! These houses were built by Soviet slaves. Here you see the chains we wore.*

Georgi Tenno, the World War II naval hero who became the Willy Sutton of the Gulag, tells in his own hand the story of his most spectacular escape. It was cut short at three weeks by a betrayal, a miscalculation, and his own simple compassion. But these words probably survive, burned deeply into the trunk of a large tree on an unnamed island in the River Irtysh: "Here on their way to freedom in October 1950 two innocent people sentenced to hard labor for life took refuge."

Hunger strikes spread. These were always a most dangerous and desperate form of protest, for they were strikes

> called not by well-fed people but by . . . emaciated men . . . who suffered acute distress if they were deprived of a single 100-gram ration . . . by men schooled for decades in the law of the jungle: "You die first and I'll die later." Now . . . they consented to die today, all of them together, rather than to go on living in the same way tomorrow.

Solzhenitsyn himself took part in that strike, bearing more risk than most: he was a foreman and had barely a year of his sentence left. The specter of another "quarter" loomed ominous, and real. But this strike was broken in the same way as others: with concessions and promises from the administration



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which it later went back on. Only the core of the strike's leadership was severely punished.

And some prisoners wrote, Solzhenitsyn among them. He endured his ghastly degradation by beginning to write, and took with him from the camps 12,000 lines of poetry and prose, including *Prussian Nights*, written piecemeal, memorized, burned, and recited constantly—while eating, while laying mortar, while being searched, while being beaten—so as not to forget.

FINALLY, there was revolt. The 8,000 men and women of Kengir seized their camp through a bluff; with a minimum of force, they held it for forty days. Their gallantry and their suffering should earn them a place in history alongside the defenders of the Alamo, Bataan, and the Warsaw ghetto. "If you enter the camp with weapons," the rebels screamed from the barricades, "don't forget that half of those here had a hand in the capture of Berlin." But on the final morning they charged tanks with homemade pikes, threw ground glass into the eyes of tommy-gunners, retreated, died.

There is much more. Ever wonder just who the kulaks were, and what happened to them? I have, and the answer is here. They were, for instance, the peasants industrious enough to own the one brick house on a street of wooden houses. Solzhenitsyn estimates that 15 million of them were annihilated by "resettlement" operations, as many as 70,000 perishing during a single convoy.

The sections on exile and "The Law Today" provide answers to those who object that Solzhenitsyn's indictment is "dated." He tells us that when *Ivan Denisovich* was published in Russia, during the so-called Khrushchev thaw, he received thousands of letters. Most either praised his courage or damned him as a libeler of the Party. But a few arrived in soiled envelopes, the letters written with blunt pencils on tattered scraps of waste paper. The messages were all the same: *We are still here. It is still the same.* Nothing *has changed!*

Solzhenitsyn's style is heavy with sarcasm, and some of the prose, at least in translation, is stilted and rough. But who, at this juncture, can doubt that this book's significance as a literary work is secondary to what Gerhart Niemeyer tells us is "the prophetic calling" of Solzhenitsyn? What he has endured and the triumph he has achieved demonstrate the truth of what Walter Lippmann wrote forty years ago: ". . . that man is no mere creature of his habits, no mere automaton in his routine, no mere cog in the collective machine, but that in the dust of which he is made, there is also fire, lighted now and then by great winds from the sky." Sometimes that fire can be lit and the central crisis of an entire age illuminated by the isolated testimony of individual men. But most eyes are closed tightly against the glow.

Solzhenitsyn knows that. He tells us on the very first page of this volume:

> It is a cowardly but comfortable human failing to see yourself as not the worst of men, nor in the worst position. *Katorzhane* wear numbers! They are obviously beyond redemption! Nobody would pin a number on you or me! . . . They will, though—you'll see! □

For Those Still at Sea
By Simas Kudirka and Larry Eichel
Dial Press, 226 pp., $7.95

MAN OVERBOARD

WILLIAM MURCHISON

Suppose Simas Kudirka's celebrated leap—from the *Sovietskaya Litva*, a Soviet fish-processing ship, to the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Vigilant*—had brought him instant freedom. He would have come to America, an eager, voluble Lithuanian radio operator. The press—above all, the talk shows—would have sought him out. He would have been a one-month celebrity; afterward, a name on an index card in dusty newspaper morgues. But a kinder fate may lie in store for Kudirka—paradoxically because of the harsh fate that met him on his forcible return to the Soviet Union, a stony-hearted Coast Guard admiral having ordered that he be handed back as a deserter.

Kudirka had decided to make his leap for freedom because he already understood that the Soviet Union, which had swallowed up his native Lithuania in 1944, was no happy place to live. The twisted nature of the regime itself, however, he had hardly begun to guess at, far less to comprehend. The labor camps, to which he was sentenced for ten years, showed him. He looked on unwillingly, in horror and disgust, but he looked. And he understood.

Since his release in 1974, Kudirka has proved to be a passionate interpreter of his countrymen's plight. He lectures widely. Some months ago, he came to Dallas to speak to high school students. The students crowded around him. Did freedom really mean so much? Was the Soviet Union really so unfree as it was portrayed? Out of the depths of his experience in the camps, Kudirka drew the answers.

HERE NOW, in print, is Kudirka's full story, and it is electrifying. It is for the most part concerned with the camps. The story of the jump to freedom, and of the appalling struggle in which Soviet sailors beat him and dragged him back to slavery, takes only 48 pages, less than a fourth of the book.

What brought Kudirka to jump was a straw tossed brutally atop an already overladen camel's back. A Lithuanian nationalist, he detested the Russians anyway—not least for a beating administered to him by a secret policeman in the late Forties. He resented the long wait before one could acquire a decent apartment. What finally determined him to escape was hearing his ship's political commissar vow permanent exile from the sea for two sailors seen picking up magazines the American Coast Guardsmen had thrown them as gifts. Kudirka was profoundly repelled by the cruelties, major and minor, that the Soviet Union countenanced.

Yet it was not till he arrived in the camps—the first was Potma, 225 miles southeast of Moscow—that Kudirka began to grasp the meaning of the word cruelty. Solzhenitsyn's readers will recognize the character of the place—the wretched food, the grinding misery.

William Murchison *is on the editorial staff of the* Dallas Morning News. . . . **Joseph A. Rehyansky** *is a U.S. Army Judge Advocate whose articles and reviews have appeared in* NR, Juris Doctor, *and* The Military Review. . . . **Selden Rodman** *is a poet and historian, and a student of black primitive art.*

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But there was worse in store: for example, the "death train" that took him and other prisoners from Potma to a harsher camp in the Perm region. In Kudirka's cage, built for two men, there were seven. Those on the floor lay amid steadily accumulating human waste. The heat was intolerable. Desperately the prisoners tried to derail the train by jumping to the same side on sharp curves. Finally, as their strength failed, they gave up all resistance.

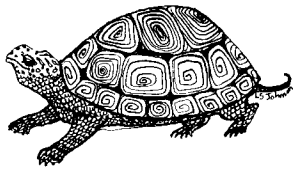
The Perm camp was a "psychological torture chamber" where the prisoners were brutalized and starved. Nor was even this the worst that Kudirka was to see. For his open resistance to the camp authorities he was transferred to the dreaded Vladimir Prison, where he shared a cell of damp, bone-chilling stone with Vladimir Bukovsky, one of the USSR's most celebrated prisoners until his exchange for the Chilean Communist Luis Corvalán. The psychological torture here was acute. Before Kudirka's eyes, a cellmate went mad and was taken away, never to be heard from again.

Luckily for Kudirka, he was at Vladimir for less than two months. The efforts of Lithuanian-Americans had by then led to the discovery that his mother was American-born; thus Kudirka was able to claim U.S. citizenship, under a 1940 law. The State Department retrieved him from Vladimir, doubtless in the nick of time.

An act of defiance—and a fiery speech at his trial—had landed Kudirka in prison to begin with. Once there, he could not be intimidated. No more than Solzhenitsyn would he bow down to that illegitimate authority. Older, more seasoned prisoners admonished him, but for a long time he took every prison camp injustice as an occasion for symbolic protest. He spent months in isolation cells, once freezing for 13 days in his underwear because he refused to don a formidably filthy uniform.

The camps battered more than one illusion out of Kudirka. Early on, wishing to educate fellow prisoners in their lost "human rights," he helped another inmate fashion a small United Nations flag. On the 23rd anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Human Rights, he stealthily raised the flag atop a utility pole at Potma. To think of it —the *United Nations* flag! There was less naïveté in Kudirka's later protests, though for a long time he unselectively denounced any act of injustice to fellow sufferers. Toward the end of his imprisonment he had become far warier, "the tired, cynical voice of experience," intent mainly on survival.

In the third volume of *The Gulag Archipelago*, Solzhenitsyn assures the world that de-Stalinization by no means spelled the end of Soviet lawlessness. Kudirka's book underscores precisely this point. The sufferings of Potma and Perm and Vladimir could have been inflicted in the Twenties as easily as in the Seventies (although murder is less on the captors' minds now than it was then).



For Those Still at Sea is no *Gulag Archipelago*, but what a harrowing reminder it is, even so, of Soviet savagery and brutality in this, the era of Pepsi-Cola detente and hands across the Oder-Neisse line. Larry Eichel, a Philadelphia newspaperman, has written for Kudirka a terse, exciting, often moving saga of a freedom so precious that not even the shadow of the labor camps can obscure its light; of a slavery so grim, so demeaning, that to escape it, if not to expose and overcome it, is the duty of all good men. □

The Life and Death of Trotsky
By Robert Payne
McGraw-Hill, 498 pp., $14.95
Trotsky: An Appreciation of His Life
By Joel Carmichael
St. Martin's, 512 pp., $15

ON THE HORNS

SELDEN RODMAN

The career of Trotsky is so absorbing, so filled with contradictory mysteries, and in the final analysis so inexplicable, that my feeling after reading one behemoth biography after the other was: "Oh for a definitive third, to reconcile these two!"—probably an impossibility. What Messrs. Payne and Carmichael have achieved, each in his way, is admirable; and each complements the other. Carmichael excels in exposing the fundamental dilemma of classical Marxism, on whose horns the pedantic Trotsky was finally skewered; and at plumbing the depths of the revolutionist's sick soul to reveal what prevented this man (so ruthlessly adept at exploiting public confusion) from making even a rudimentary defense of his own supreme position in the Soviet apparatus once Stalin moved to oust him. Payne, the professional biographer, is far superior to Carmichael in letting the incredibly dramatic life dramatize itself, and in wrapping up the loose ends tidily. (Impossible to find out from Carmichael, for instance, who Trotsky's assassin really was, and why he struck; impossible to deduce from Payne why Lenin "succeeded" where Trotsky failed, and why Trotsky offered no real resistance to Stalin.)

When I interviewed Trotsky myself, at Coyoacán in 1940, just before he was murdered, I was struck by two characteristics that Carmichael the psychobiographer gets to the bottom of most tellingly. One was Trotsky's total indifference to me as a human being, his unwillingness to discuss anything except the abstractions of Marxist theory. The other was his treatment of that theory as a *religious* principle. The moment I suggested that dialectical materialism was "unscientific," he leaped to his feet and shouted: "The interview is terminated!"

It was because of these two psychological "blocks" that Trotsky succumbed so easily to Stalin. When it come to a showdown, he had no friends. And because he had consistently justified the authoritarian conduct of the Revolution as a "necessary" concomitant of the inviolable "religious" sanction, there was no way Trotsky could bring himself to cut Stalin down or even effectively criticize him, even during the period when he still had the power to be heard inside Russia.

Both biographies deal effectively with the formative years in the Ukraine, where the brilliant, already egocentric child was unable to relate in any way to the successful farming operation of his hard-working parents, and with the amazingly disorganized school years in Odessa, where the loner learned only

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RANDOM NOTES

■ AMERICANA: Ben Merchant Vorpahl's *Frederic Remington and the West: With the Eye of the Mind* (University of Texas, $15.95) is a study of the nineteenth century sculptor, painter, journalist, and fictioneer. . . . Robert Betts, in *Along the Ramparts of the Tetons: The Saga of Jackson Hole, Wyoming* (Colorado Associated Universities Press, $15), provides the history of one of North America's most spectacular sites. . . . Gene Hill is an editor and columnist at *Field & Stream*; his *Hill Country* (Sunrise/Dutton, $9.95) is a collection of his essays on hunting and fishing. (The above titles are due out in August.)

■ LAST OF THE AUGUST CROP: T. N. Dupuy's *Elusive Victory: The Arab-Israeli Wars, 1947-1974* (Harper & Row, $25) offers an exhaustive compendium of information relating to the causes, strategies, and consequences of the Middle East conflagrations.

■ SOME SEPTEMBER TITLES: Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s *Robert Kennedy and His Times* (Houghton Mifflin, $19.95)—the writing of which, among other things, has prevented him from completing his Roosevelt trilogy—will soon be available. According to one source whom AMS respectfully quotes: "I guess I'd have to say [Bobby] was the last of the great believables." Is it going to be *that* sort of book? . . . We had been wondering what had become of Jeremy Rifkin, presiding genius of the People's Bicentennial Commission. When last heard from, he was educating Americans on the subject of corporate power. With Randy Barber, he has now written a book called *The North Will Rise Again: Pensions, Politics, and Power in the 1980s* (Beacon, $10.95/$4.95, paper) in which he argues that employees of Northern corporations seeking to move to the Sunbelt may use the power of their pension funds to prevent their companies from relocating and thus contributing to the destruction of that noble experiment, the Northeast metropolis. . . . *The Jewish Paradox* (Grosset, $12.95) is a memoir by a well-known Zionist and diplomat, Nahum Goldmann, who also had a hand in the compilation of the *Encyclopaedia Judaica*.

how to win debating points and conceal his true motives from his friends, his parents, his girlfriend—and himself. Never lacking in physical courage, resourcefulness, administrative efficiency, or oratorical brilliance, Trotsky, by the time the Czarist police arrested him and shipped him off to a pleasant sojourn in Siberia, was well prepared for his dominant role in the dress-rehearsal Revolution of 1905.

The laughably easy escape and the years abroad further prepared Trotsky for his role in the 1917 *Putsch*, which he also dominated. Among the exiles, Trotsky had made bitter enemies of everyone, including Lenin, but when he left the Bronx for Petrograd to take advantage of the crumbling of Czarist Russia in World War I, he found himself once more in his element. Just as the Japanese Imperial General Staff had bank-rolled the revolutionists of 1905, so the Imperial General Staff of Germany supplied, in 1916-17, not only the famous "sealed train" which permitted the Bolshevik leadership to enter Russia, but the millions of dollars that enabled the tiny party to take power and then eliminate its less ruthless socialist allies. By the time these ugly facts were exposed, Lenin was dead and safely enshrined; and Stalin, who had been too obscure to have participated in the clandestine financing, made Trotsky bear the full unsavory onus. And by that time, Trotsky's usefulness to the now-fully-totalitarian apparatus was over. His oratorical skills and his inspiration in matters of military administration had served their purpose. His disastrously arrogant mismanagement at Brest-Litovsk and the easy defeat of the Red Army by Pilsudski at Warsaw had exposed him as a bungler. He had been hopelessly betrayed by his "Marxist" optimism into predicting revolutions in other countries that never took place. It was child's play for the wily Stalin to isolate him among his vacillating "friends," shove him into exile, and finally, when his venomous polemics became too much of an irritant, have him murdered in Mexico.

Could Lenin, had he lived, have saved Trotsky from himself? Perhaps. Lenin alone had borne Trotsky no grudge for the vicious polemics of 1906-1916, which served Stalin so well when the latter chose to expose his enemy's sacrilegious *lèse-majesté*. Carmichael is especially acute in explaining Lenin's supremacy. From 1917 on, he was the father-figure Trotsky had always sought. Unlike Trotsky, Lenin delighted in imposing his will on others—but behind the scenes, in the "jungle of the apparatus" where the narcissistic Trotsky was lost, with no faction of his own, *passive*, armed with nothing but his self-righteousness and his cruel pen. □

RN: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon
By Richard Nixon
Grosset, 1,120 pp., $19.95

SUI GENERIS

JEFFREY HART

Do not be put off by the size of this volume (over a thousand pages, weighs a ton, and you can't read it in bed), or by the price (twenty bucks), or by its detractors, who would pan *War and Peace* if Nixon were its author. This is a tremendous book, rich in concrete detail, a major political event, and as close as we are ever likely to get to that *sui generis* political creature, Richard Nixon.

A confession: I have come to like Richard Nixon. Oh yes, for at least two years following his resignation I was in a rage about how Nixon had aborted, through sheer bad judgment, the domestic counter-revolution that had surfaced in national electoral terms with his 1968 victory. But no one can really derail history. The deep trends visible in 1968 are visible still, moving with perhaps even greater force because of the temporary interruption.

First of all, there is, of course, Watergate. Big news. In this book Nixon actually confesses. Not quite explicitly, but the truth is there, clear enough for the attentive reader. In a nutshell, the cover-up began almost immediately, because everyone—Nixon, Haldeman, Colson, Ehrlichman—either knew or guessed that John Mitchell was vulnerable to criminal charges for authorizing the bugging. Nixon in fact never directly confronted Mitchell on his connection with the break-in. To have done so would have been otiose.

But Mitchell's vulnerability was not the end of it, not by a long shot. He did not dream up the intelligence-gathering operation on his own hook. An all-out

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intelligence effort directed at the Democrats had obviously been launched. Pressure, real pressure, seems to have been exerted on the former Attorney General (who was by then head of the Committee to Re-Elect) to produce more and better intelligence. All that is spelled out in this book.

Nixon leaves it up to the reader to guess where that pressure was coming from. Was it Haldeman? Was it Colson? Was it, perhaps . . . ? Of course, when these activities were launched, Nixon did not think he would be running against a couple of clowns in 1972. He thought he would be running against Ted Kennedy or the then-formidable Muskie, both of whom led him in the opinion polls. End of Watergate mystery, right?

I WOULD recommend that a first reading of this book begin at page 297, with the 1968 presidential campaign; then, at leisure, go back to the beginning for the early years, the Vice Presidency, and so forth. With 1968, Richard Nixon enters history, becomes, in one of his favorite phrases, the "man in the arena." Whittier background, congressman and senator, Hiss, Eisenhower, the losing campaigns in 1960 and 1962—all that is prologue. Nixon's 1968 campaign and election were the watershed, and the odd thing is that it took him so long to grasp that fact fully.

Nixon's run through the primaries in 1968 was a classic political operation, flawless. (His campaign staff was superbly talented.) He had to prove that he was not a "loser," and he did so and then some. In the general election, Nixon won the Presidency by a very slim margin over Humphrey, and the slimness may have helped to obscure a key fact: in that election, the regnant liberalism was buried under a 60 to 40 Nixon-Wallace landslide.

Nixon did not understand his historic opportunity. As he admits in this book, he did not, during his first term, move to take charge of the sprawling federal agencies which were imposing liberalism by bureaucratic decree. As his famous "bring us together" speech at the Waldorf the morning after the election indicated, Nixon did not really grasp the task he had been assigned by history. Before we could come "together," some overdue accounts had to be settled: confiscatory taxation, redistributive income transfers, a bloated liberal bureaucracy, a Court trying to rule by fiat, reverse discrimination, a liberal elite totally out of sync with the rest of the nation. Not until the beginning of his second term did Nixon begin to move on these fronts, and by then, for him, it was too late.

Of course, he was preoccupied with Vietnam throughout his first term. Vietnam was the Big Money politically. Nixon thought he could finesse it, win the war without actually defeating North Vietnam; and, who knows, without Watergate he might have done so.

In January 1969, as Nixon took his oath on the steps of the Capitol, the crude fact was that practically the entire North Vietnamese regular army was operating in the South—120,000 men, Soviet-armed. You don't have to be a Napoleon or a Clausewitz to understand how to bring that army home. You punch a salient into North Vietnam somewhere suitable: a couple of airborne divisions, plenty of air cover. The North Vietnamese army comes home. Then you negotiate about *their* territory.

Gradually, after the disappointing Republican showing in the 1970 off-year election, Nixon began to achieve some clarity on domestic politics. He brought in Chuck Colson, then definitely once-born, to help scoop up the defecting Democratic ethnics. Middle America became the watchword. He might even have eventually appointed an Italian to the Court. History was flowing in a new direction. Some of the most exciting pages in this book deal with Nixon's plans at the beginning of his second term. At last, Nixon meant to move decisively on the domestic scene.

From the perspective of July 1978, it looks as if those plans are going to be implemented, if not by Nixon. Carter looks more and more like a caretaker President made possible by Watergate, something stuffed temporarily into a crack in the wall. Without Watergate, John Connally would certainly be President today, after having been nominated in San Diego.

Quite apart from the major issues of war and peace, this book is full of delicious items, many of them hilarious. One of my favorites: "In March 1973, the new DNC Chairman, Robert Strauss, told Haldeman after the Gridiron Dinner, 'You fellows just don't know McGovern—you think he's an evil man. He is just the stupidest man there ever was.' " □

Visible Man
By George Gilder
Basic, 249 pp., $10.95

DISPENSABLE MAN

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

George Gilder is a man of free and fresh mind and genial temper whose ideas have a way of making people want to scratch his eyes out. A few years back a feminist group named him "Pig of the Year." Actually it was Co-Pig; he had to share the title with Paul Anka, whose song "You're Having My Baby" was certified as sexist. Anka saw the error of his ways and remorsefully changed it to "*Our Baby*," and George still justifiably thinks Anka was unworthy of even a piece of the crown. Then there was the occasion when a couple of young feminists rushed the stage of a talk show George was appearing on. The host tactfully turned them away, then started clawing his guest himself, with the aid of the other guests.

It all started with *Sexual Suicide*. Far from disparaging women, Gilder argued that any stable social order requires the feminine role—yes, let's call a spade a spade: motherhood—to anchor men to family responsibility.

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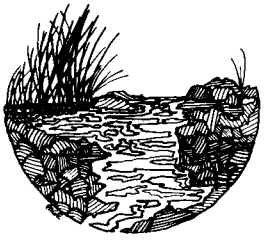
Otherwise, men tend to become self-destructive and violent: a point he elaborated in *Naked Nomads*. For example, single men, 13 per cent of the population, commit 90 per cent of the violent crime. If single men had a lobby, they would be a lot madder than the feminists. Fortunately they aren't organized, and it is still safe to say what a rotten lot they are.

Now Gilder has written a kind of narrative case study of one young man whose life seems powerfully to confirm, vividly to illustrate his thesis about our "sexual constitution." Part of that thesis is that men need to earn, need to be needed, and that the welfare system, benevolently intended to make poor mothers independent, has also the unintended effect, subversive of the sexual constitution, of making their men unnecessary. This fosters male dependence on women, and actually has created a class of welfare predators who compete, often violently, for the fleeting favors of welfare women. Gilder sees the problem of the young black criminal as far less racial than sexual.



The case of Mitchell "Sam" Brewer, hero of *Visible Man*, shows how it works. Sam, a black youth who has come north to Albany with his mother, is the product of one of her serial liaisons. He has no responsible male role models; he has experienced women only as providers for him. Nonetheless, he *knows better*; and he has a rudimentary, but weak and ill-supported, ambition to be a provider himself. He begets a couple of children on a couple of girlfriends, but finds himself at their mercy: they don't need him. He has nothing to offer they can't get elsewhere.

Ironically, he comes close to a more-or-less stable relationship whose prosperity inheres in its illegality. He impregnates a third girl, an under-age white runaway named Bev. Technically she is jailbait. Yet this also means that she is ineligible for welfare, and he stays with her and takes care of her. But there is friction—rare, as we all know, in marriage—and he isn't much shakes even as a common-law husband. The affair is precarious to begin with, and it is fatally threatened by the approach of Bev's 16th birthday, when she will be eligible for welfare and is tempted to move out on Sam.

Sam shuttles erratically between a promising job as a draughtsman and the ghetto scene of drunkenness and knife fights. His troubles culminate in a charge of rape—a sensitive and sensational charge, because the putative victim is a blonde. The prospective sentence is 25 to life. The case is made murkier by other circumstances. The girl is a lesbian prostitute, whose pimp/lover Sam had given a down payment for the favors he took. The concept of rape seems to apply more naturally to alley ambushes on sexually private citizens than to a whore who is trying to be choosy about her clientele; and Sam had sat drunkenly smooching with the girl at a party for hours before the "rape." The violation was marginal, despite her subjective unwillingness. For all that, Sam finds himself on trial, at the hands of a passionate young feminist prosecutor who thinks that rape is rape, that the lesbianism and prostitution and the night's squalid mise-en-scène make no difference to the gravity of the charge, that raw principle should prevail. The courtroom scene is rich with cultural cross-currents, and Sam's fate depends on which ones the jurors incline to. Happily, they prefer sexism to racism.

It would be nice to say that this close shave taught Sam his lesson and propelled him, chastened, toward a sober and industrious life. It doesn't work out that way. We see him falling back into his old habits of drunkenness and general shiftlessness, spurning the opportunities available to him. I can't help thinking of the new heavyweight champ, Leon Spinks, whom *Sports Illustrated* this week shows once again frittering away his chances of even holding his title, let alone investing his reign with purpose and imagination. And this points up the technical failure of *Visible Man*.

Sam's backsliding shouldn't come as a shock. Throughout the book, however, Gilder shows us how things must have looked to him, without really showing us how Sam himself looked. Bev and the minor characters are more clearly drawn from without; but with Sam, we are encouraged to enter his situation without getting a clear sense of what makes poor black *him* react, finally, so differently from the way white prosperous *we* would have reacted. We can figure it out in various ways; Gilder's theory itself helps. But the book should have done more to make this come alive. It shouldn't be necessary to fall back on deduction. Sam's ugly surliness to George, who befriended him, is not prepared for by author Gilder's sympathetic portrayal of him.

The book is also marred by occasional floridity in its prose, though there are frequent moments of real eloquence and a sustaining depth of insight. Sam's story is engrossing, his milieu brilliantly realized, with humor and accuracy. If one puts the book down at last with depression and dissatisfaction, it is nonetheless likely to be the first time one has put it down at all. For all its flaws, *Visible Man* is lively and wise; and haunting. It sees the all too "visible man" with genuine imagination; and so, hereafter, will its readers. □

ART

EATING ICES IN THE WEST

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Osip Mandelstam, one of the two greatest Russian poets of the twentieth century, went to a labor camp in 1937 for writing an incautious lyric. When Mandelstam died, Stalin is said to have phoned the other greatest poet, Boris Pasternak. Stalin began talking of Mandelstam, but Pasternak interrupted. "This is not what I would like to speak with you about." "What about then?" Stalin asked. "About Life and Death," replied Pasternak earnestly. Stalin hung up.

Pasternak's—the early Pasternak's—self-absorption is one of two possible artistic reactions against a regime or a society; the other is to oppose the society directly. It is impossible to say which produces better art. For every Milton scourging man's ways to man,

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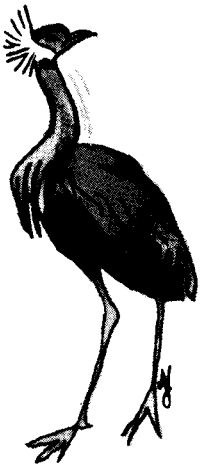
one can find a Henry Vaughan, serenely, even childishly, indifferent to social forces.

Igor Galanin was born in Moscow in 1937, and emigrated to the United States in 1972. Since then, his paintings have been exhibited in Rome, Montreal, Boston, and, as of this spring, at Aberbach Fine Art in New York. Galanin has chosen the way of Pasternak. "Russian history is not exhausted by the past sixty years." Those years, their tensions, have bequeathed him certain bodily weaknesses—nervousness, insomnia. "But why should my consciousness be shaped by that? That is Marxism—I defy it."

I met Galanin at his studio/house in upstate New York. We viewed paintings, ate—vodka, veal, soup thick enough to put in sandwiches—but mostly talked. "I'm as much uninterested in the world's poor as I am uninterested in the world's rich. I'm interested in my own life." Then, shrewdly: "Most artists are interested in the world's poor because they're interested in the world's rich."

He likes current taste about as much as chic social consciousness. The great advantage of being a painter in America is that the wide diffusion of money saps the tastemakers. A rich Texan can spend his life collecting Remingtons, if he likes, without giving a thought to what is *au courant* in SoHo or San Francisco. In such cracks, anomalies like Galanin may survive. Meanwhile, in his view, mainstream modern artists have "learned only one thing well—to scare people and to depress them. They live in Florida with secretaries, mistresses, and vibrating baths, and sell spiders." Galanin would rather make people happy, and puts himself in the tradition of Fragonard, or Boucher.



Talk is nice, but you have to back it up with talent; so it is refreshing to report that Galanin's paintings confirm his self-description. They are representational, without being realistic—swans slide across champagne glasses, pears loom as large as trees. There is also a flatness of perspective which recalls icons (many of Galanin's earlier paintings were done on wood) and, more vaguely, Henri Rousseau.

What neither icons nor Rousseau could have taught him is wit. Only one of the pictures in the Aberbach show—"Public Life," a seal in a pond balancing a bunch of blue flowers on its nose—was a pure joke; but most of Galanin's canvases have laugh lines. In "In an Old Square in Verona," three ladies pose in a turn-of-the-century touring car with a Cupid hood ornament; a second Cupid pursues them on foot. A woman on a velocipede rides through "Central Park," trailing a floating dog like a balloon. "A Portrait of My Stepfather and Mother in the Twilight of Age" is almost overwhelmed by brown colors and oppressive, out-sized fruit—except that the business-suited stepfather holds a rodent in his arms.

Galanin introduces women as often as quips; they are fleshy and frequently naked, and, like Boucher, he enjoys—and wants us to enjoy—looking at them.

Such traits are not often associated with Russians. Mania and knouts, maybe, but never elegance. What this stereotype ignores is that, until 1917, the Russian upper and middle classes were the most Frenchified—and hence, civilized—in Europe. "I come from the Russian Empire," Galanin told me, by which he meant not the political system, but the culture of the nineteenth century; and that culture has seeped into his unconscious. "Dreams" is a word which is drawn to discussions of surrealism like gulls to dead fish, and Galanin's paintings are dream-like; but the reality which they distort is wholesome and well-ordered. Violins, tennis rackets, pocket watches (unmelted) share his compositions with beasts and foliage; and, in almost every distance, there stands some arcade or country house onto whose grounds his visions have temporarily, and without hostility, strayed.

Only a few paintings in the Aberbach show explored more exotic subjects: "Nightfall," a towering giraffe; in the grass at his feet, three stars, crisp and white as flute notes. "My Friend Lev," a lion on a hill under a green sky, and a moon so achingly white it looks ready to explode. The rest were merely beautiful. Galanin has jettisoned passion along with trauma and pomposity; happiness, after all, is a modest emotion, and those who think otherwise have usually confused it with exhilaration or ecstasy. "I value above all," he concluded, "the right to eat ices and get paid for it." □

DELECTATIONS

CULTURE AND GASTRONOMY

NIKA HAZELTON

"Culture" in off-the-beaten-track places, combined with gastronomic and vinous treats, is the new lure dreamt up by Alitalia and the Italian tourist authorities to get visitors to places where their business is badly needed. It works; recently I had a great time in Castelfranco Veneto, in the Venetian hinterland. The food of the region, as well as the wine, was very good indeed. And it is an easy place to get to; Alitalia takes you comfortably to nearby Venice. (What I like about Venice's airport is that from it you don't take a limousine into the city but, instead, a boat, right to St. Mark's Square—surely the classiest way of approaching the Queen of the Lagoon).

"Culture" was the painter Giorgione; Castelfranco Veneto is holding a summer-long celebration in honor of his five-hundredth birthday. Giorgione, Titian's friend and teacher, was one of the world's greatest and subtlest painters, as witness *The Tempest* in the Accademia in Venice, *The Adoration of the Magi* at London's National Gallery, *Judith* at the Hermitage in Leningrad, and the haunting *Portrait of a Young Man* in Berlin. Alas, he died young and didn't leave a great many paintings; what's more, his pictures, unsigned, are difficult to attribute—and to interpret—so that he remains something of a mystery to this day. Castelfranco, where he was born, still retains his famous *Madonna della Pala* in its cathedral. For this anniversary

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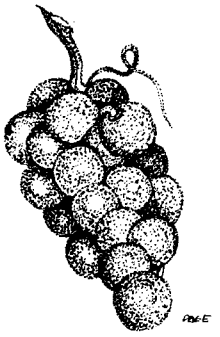
year, however, the picture was hung in the house in which the painter was born, where visitors could admire it up close, and the experts could study it. Nowadays they do this with X-rays and similar techniques; all around the house hang ghostly X-ray pictures taken of every square inch of the painting.

Castelfranco Veneto is clustered around the red brick walls of a twelfth century castle; the large old market square and porticos can't have changed much since the lifetime of the town's most famous son. But the ravishing surprise here was a small eighteenth century theater, Palladian in style—all white and gold and pale green, with four tiers of boxes. Many little Italian cities have such theaters; they were built for the local intellects of the time, who wanted a proper setting for the discussions of philosophy and metaphysics that were so popular then. Assembled on the stage (which was decorated with dramatic houseplants) were the President of the Italian Republic and various cabinet ministers, politicians, and Giorgione scholars. They all talked at length at this opening of the celebrations, but the small sum of their remarks was that Giorgione was a great and mysterious painter who must be studied further.



More culture included two towns previously unknown to me, Treviso and Asolo. Of Treviso—which has been in existence since Roman days—what lingers in the mind's eye are the rushing green waters of the river Serchio, which, in an unorthodox manner, does not spring up in the nearby mountains but from the middle of a very flat plain. There are numerous canals in Treviso, and the houses are built along them, with great arches hanging over the water. The domiciles of the former magnificos stand in the old city, their outer walls frescoed with tapestry-like patterns. Alas, there was not time to see the fine local picture gallery.

Asolo is a hilltown, tumbling up and down. It was made famous by Eleonora Duse, who lived there and who is buried in a hillside graveyard; it's a pity that the grave of the greatest Italian actress is so neglected. My father, not a soft man, told me that her voice wrung his heart. She was an unhappy woman, wronged by her lover D'Annunzio, who wrote a rather nasty book about her. Before Duse, Asolo knew another unhappy woman, Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, whom the Venetians tricked into this unwanted position; her castle still stands. Now Asolo has become the home of rich Anglo-Saxons, and I thought the town had a cultured air about it, in a Huxley sort of way. But it is very pretty indeed.

What I liked best were the Venetian villas scattered through the region. The earliest of these were built at the beginning of the fifteenth century, as soon as the Venetian nobles and merchants had brought the mainland under their dominion, and the latest of them date from the end of the eighteenth century; together, they show the flowering and decline of Venice.

These villas were built by illustrious architects, such as Palladio, Sansovino, Longhena, and others. Jefferson admired Palladio and, from one of his villas, copied his own Monticello. The most grandiose is Palladio's Villa Barbaro at Maser, near Asolo, with marvelous trompe-l'oeil frescoes by Veronese: incredibly life-like cavaliers and dames peer from distant doors. This is just one of the great villas of the region, and I would advise any traveler to Venice to take in a few of them.

To my mind, there are three great cuisines in Italy: the Venetian for elegance, the Tuscan for fragrance, and the Sicilian for originality. Ducking the brick bats, I maintain that the famed cuisine of Bologna is too rich and heavy; but then, to each his own. At the Torre di Ezzelino, a country restaurant near Treviso, I had an outstanding meal featuring mushrooms and asparagus, specialties of the place. Thick, white, tender-to-the-last-bite asparagus came on toast, on homemade noodles, or wrapped in wafer-thin slices of raw steak, with tartar sauce. The mushrooms were used to stuff chickens and rabbits, ground into patties, made into salads; best of all, a mess of wild ones came in an unforgettable soup. Any restaurant of the region will have its specialties, whether sausage, the famous Venetian rice dishes, roast goose stuffed with celery, or the most tender infant vegetables and fruit. The wines match the food: I recommend the Prosecco, the Raboso, and the Pinot Grigio, to mention only a few. □

The GIMLET EYE

INVENTORS' EXPO '78

D. KEITH MANO

Know what U.S. Patent #3,936,384 is for? Cross my heart and hope to get a wen. It's for—are you listening?—*religious soap*. ". . . embossed on one face with a religious design and on another face with the words of a prayer." Cleanliness has never yet been so close to godliness. Are you washed in the suds of the Lamb, brother? And, brother, that pious sheepdip is not all: size up these fardelbound wonders—

A. One electric flagpole. It will vibrate, Parkinson-diseased, to make Old Glory gibber even in a vacuum. ("Our fla-aaag was still shay-king . . .")

B. One giant collapsable Star of David. (For Jewish people who feel disadvantaged because they can't have an aluminum Christmas tree.)

C. One mustache-styling machine. I quote Pat. #3,870,055: ". . . a clamping arrangement receivable within the mouth . . . and a member coupling the template with the clamping arrangement to locate and hold the template against the person's upper lip in response to reception of the clamping arrangement in the mouth and application of clamping pressure by the mouth upon the clamping arrangement." (Where else? Kinda kills the word "clamp" after a while, doesn't it?)

D. One machine—phonograph-big—to spin/shuffle tarot decks. (Optional built-in compass so you can locate the mystic east at night.)

E. One painted landscape with its own endlessly idiot-dribbling waterfall. (Outkitsch your neighbor: him and his 3D, eye-following portrait of Jesus.)

F. One plastic stake for horseshoe throwers. (Pat. #3,953,031.) To eliminate the clamp—uh, clank of steel on steel. Apparently American horseshoe

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players, from coast to coast, are getting deaf as bureaucrats. ("Reduce noise level. Greatly reduce the danger of damage to hearing.")

Booths at Expo come in Style D or Style F. Style D is one elementary-school grade up from a kid's lemonade stand: bridge table, chair, mewling infant; felt-tip misspelled poster scrawl, where letters start out megalomaniacal, huge, and end all run-together, gnarly, dispirited at the right-hand side. SENSationl. Style F is for foreign. These are professional—diagram, three-color brochure, loop film—built by people who still think New York is paved with silver certificates. Their pitch would be effective if they could sprech English, which most can't. Worse, Style F brochures were translated, I think, by Sabu the Elephant Boy. Mr. Ramirez, inventor of an air-conditioning beach umbrella, appeals to that rotten borough, Camelot:

> "Some people see things as they are and ask why. I see things as they can be, and ask why not."
>
> —Robert Kennethy, Booth 61

Meanwhile, Mr. Maggiorino Prandi has come up with a round passenger ship that "avoids serious damages in case of collision and low tide." (Just dogpaddle like hell if you ram when the tide is high.) Ramirez' Water Capsule and Pill Kit has compartments "protected by individual plastic shleve 8 large round holdes, 9 little holdes, and 4 oval shape holdes . . ." What we get here at the Statler Hilton is a competition between two sorts of English illiteracy: domestic and imported. Another balance-of-payments deficit.

Some inventions are useful. (The Ovulometer: will announce at a finger-touch if your girlfriend is ovulating or not: marvelous ice-breaker.) Some inventions are fairly useful. (The Dog-john: long butterfly-net-like contraption, throw-away bag on its end, with which one trolls for dog excreta at point of manufacture. "Sir?" The little old lady is puzzled. "What if my dog were to move while I'm trying to catch, uh, it?" "Madam," says Mr. Inventor, "a dog doesn't move when he evacuates. Do you move when you evacuate?" "Well, dear, I suppose—now that I think of it—no.") Some inventions are too useful. (The Any Size Dress. "A unique adjustable garment adaptable for: weight-watchers, mothers-to-be." Five or six of these and you'd never need another dress. "We patented it some time ago," the young demonstrator told me. "I can't understand why no big dress company has come along to mass-market for us." Never need another dress: not a great repeat sale item. Gosh, I can't understand why either.)

It should be Explo '78: for Exploitation. A change rung on that old I-can-get-you-in-showbiz-baby line. The booth-renters have no shame: or discrimination. There are web-frail, sad dreams here: hope is the mother of invention. America has never much honored its intellectuals: Practical Pig, not the bald eagle, might be a more appropriate national image: we are hand people, makers. Franklin, I suspect, is best known for his invention of lightning. Mrs. Flora Wayne has constructed a starch can holder. I feel for Mrs. Wayne in her most vulnerable moments: a vision of Polaroid: International Starch Can Holder on the NYSE board. Well, they laughed at Fulton and his fish market. It costs two grand and more for a patent search: then, Disney wand tap, you're in the Library of Congress or wherever: an inventor, a creative person. So Dupont won't angel for you, so what? Our patent office is nothing more or less than the largest government-sponsored vanity press around today.

A BRIDGE TABLE. A middle-aged man from Brooklyn. Head bent: in bullish shyness. He won't speak: he has made an offering: enough. Not patents, just ideas: on school notebook paper: in a dyslectic hand that confuses, seems weird mirror writing: mahcine, concetp, invetnion. 1. (of many) An idea for attaching your car exhaust pipe to the engine, so that it can run without gas: forever. 2. Solve alternate-side-of-the-street parking problem. Simple: install one large, long vacuum cleaner in each New York curbstone. (Sounds like an ex-Lindsay aide.) And 3. 3. I stop, enchanted. It says, "I beleive that evyre atcion has or causses a reatcion that is oposite. Some use of this idae cood be fuond." By God, the man has reinvented Newton's Third Law. A spectacular case of simultaneous inspiration, give/take two centuries or so. I could laugh. No, I couldn't.

"Very interesting," I say. "I wish you luck."

He nods.

And let him wish me luck, too. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE LAST SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY, *by Michael Dibdin (Pantheon, 192 pp., $7.95).* Like so many spurious Howard Hughes wills, novellas are pouring from the pens of would-be Doyles purportedly supplying the genuine account of Holmes's wars with "that Napoleon of Crime," Professor James Moriarty; his dalliance with cocaine; and his resultant mysterious disappearance. Dibdin's tale proceeds at a brisk gallop. Yet his thesis is definitely un-Conanical; his research shows signs of a fatal sloppiness; his depiction of Holmes's attitude toward the Yard is not at all on the mark; and his plot's denouement is certain to breed contempt among all true Holmesians. Dibdin also commits the foul error of telegraphing the solution to the mystery of Jack the Ripper's West End murders too far ahead. The book's tension is created, not, as it should be, by a sense of mystery and by a groping in semi-ignorance toward a conclusion, but merely by the audacity of the pastiche's initial premise. The reader closes the book with mixed feelings of contempt and disappointment. DAVID PIETRUSZA

THE SECRET OF THE ROCKS: *The Boris Photographs, by Boris Svietovsky; text by Herbert A. Kenny (The X Press, Manchester, Mass., $6.95).* When portrait photographer Boris Svietovsky retired to Gloucester, on Cape Ann north of Boston, he found the most cooperative subjects of his long career in the rugged Bass Rocks, on the shore north of town. The rocks have been painted (Gloucester has been a magnet since Winslow Homer) and photographed half to death, but never quite in Svietovsky's way. The work here collected is in every sense portrait photography, not "nature" photography: there is scarcely any interplay-of-rocks-and-crashing-surf, contrast-of-immutable-stone-with-ephemeral-cloud-in-the-sky stuff; just the rocks, with the occasional bedraggled bit of vegetation or puddle of backwash. Rugged they are, seen from far off; but when Svietovsky moves in, as a good portraitist must, delicate textures emerge, and sensual curves and swellings that suggest what a Henry Moore sculpture might look like five hundred years from now. The reproduction is acceptable, but the book is the product of a small, local publisher (a struggling species to be encouraged), so don't look for that velvety Sierra Club quality. C. H. SIMONDS

AFTERIMAGES, *by Arlene Croce (Knopf, 466 pp., $12.95).* Arlene Croce has had a regular dance column in *The New Yorker* since 1973; this book is made up, in about

(Continues on page 1039)

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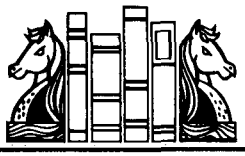
Dark Horses



M. STANTON EVANS

"THE LEFT is up to its neck in lies." Such is the conclusion of Jacques Ellul in *The Betrayal of the West* (Seabury Press, $9.95), a conclusion amply documented from the record and driven home with Gallic pungency.

Ellul's indictment is especially telling because his own political orientation is liberal, and because his earlier critiques of runaway technology have given aid and comfort to the counterculture. The anti-technology theme, indeed, is repeated in the present volume. Ellul contends, however, that the Left has gone beyond the pale of reasoned criticism to an all-consuming hatred of the West that would relentlessly destroy the good in our society rather than reform the bad.

The principal frailty of the Left, according to Ellul, is its loss of contact with the spiritual side of Western experience, which in turn implies a loss of purpose and direction. There ensues a search for meaning in violence and excess, ending in a cultural self-hatred that worships the primitive and exotic and grovels before the despotisms of the East. In the final analysis, Ellul agrees with Professor James Burnham that Left-liberalism in the modern world is "the ideology of Western suicide."

There are many excellent passages in this book, but perhaps the best concerns the attitude of the Left, and the media it controls, toward the impoverished and oppressed. Ellul shows that fashionable interest in such people is limited to those whose sufferings somehow assist the leftward drive to power. Where oppressed minorities are not thus useful —e.g., Katangans, Tibetans, Ibos, Kurds, all those enslaved by Communism—their travail is either ignored by leftward spokesmen or in certain cases intensified by them.

One major failing of the modern mentality correctly noted by Ellul is an almost total absence of historical perspective. An ambitious effort to remedy this defect in the American context is Bernard Schwartz's *The Great Rights of Mankind* (Oxford, $11.95). Schwartz, a professor of law at New York University, traces the genealogy of American freedoms as they are spelled out in the Bill of Rights. The book is commendable in its discussion of the English antecedents to our liberties, the early colonial experience, and the complicated pulling and hauling that at last produced the original ten amendments to the Constitution.

Unfortunately, Professor Schwartz apparently feels compelled to accommodate his narrative to secularist confusions about the First Amendment, even though his own historical discussion does not afford them much support. In similar vein, he downplays (although he mentions) the specifically theological impulses that produced the early political institutions of Massachusetts, including the Body of Liberties of 1641, which prefigured the Bill of Rights by better than a century. Both modifications appear to be concessions to the ruling spirit of the age, weakening the latter stages of a book that gets away to a good beginning.

ON A MORE explicitly religious plane, Bantam Books has brought out a paperback edition of *Shroud* ($2.25), originally published by Macmillan (and reviewed by *NR* at the time). Religious editor Robert K. Wilcox provides a concisely written journalistic account of the Shroud of Turin, which appears to contain a photographic image of Christ subsequent to the Crucifixion. Wilcox provides the historical background on the Shroud, a good deal of scientific evidence concerning it, and photographs which reveal quite clearly the remarkable likeness imprinted on the ancient fabric. The image, he contends, is well-nigh impossible to duplicate by human methods, while conforming in virtually all respects to what we know about the Crucifixion. The weight of the evidence as he presents it strongly suggests the authenticity of the Shroud and of its witness to the Resurrection. □

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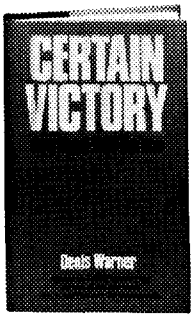
—William A. Rusher, publisher, *NATIONAL REVIEW.*



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C[LARENCE] B. CARSON:

[Germany:] National Socialism [In Power]

The amount of alcohol that makes the generality of people convivial turns some people into public speakers. . . . The beer hall . . . habitue who becomes a public speaker under the influence does not attract followers; on the contrary, he is probably hard put to find drinking companions.

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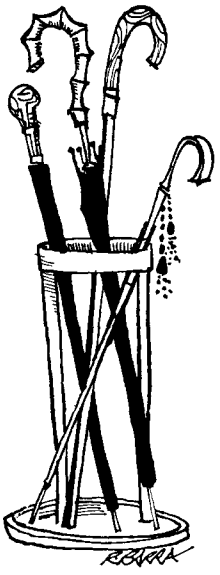
BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1036)

equal parts, of those pieces and of ones that have appeared in various other publications, going back to 1966. During that time, Miss Croce has become probably the most respected dance critic in America, and with good reason. Of course, in any art, one's choice of which critic will be one's principal guide in deciding what to see will depend, first, on the reliability of his judgment (how well does he judge a work or a performance against the standards of its own style?), and, second, on how closely his tastes (which of those styles he prefers) correspond to one's own. Miss Croce gets highest marks on the first count; she is consistently the most honest and clear-sighted of critics, hardly ever allowing her preferences to lead her into ignoring the flaws of a favorite or the virtues of a non-favorite (so much so that when this seems to have happened it comes as something of a shock, e.g., when she judges a performance of a nineteenth century ballet by essentially Balanchinian standards — with all the emphasis on density of the choreography and precision at high speed —even though, as no one has explained more lucidly than she, this is but one aspect of classical style). On the second count, perhaps the best description of any critic is simply a list of his preferences. Miss Croce's list, as it emerges from this volume, would, in part, run something like this: she is extremely fond of Balanchine, Merce Cunningham, Twyla Tharp, Baryshnikov, Makarova, Martha Graham, Bournonville, the Bolshoi's Vyacheslav Gordeyev; is not specially fond of MacMillan, Fonteyn, *Swan Lake* Act III, Bruhn; loathes Béjart, the Joffrey's Gerald Arpino, Rudi van Dantzig; is intensely ambivalent about Nureyev, *Giselle*, Robbins. But that is Miss Croce as an on-the-spot reviewer. To be worth reprinting in book form, reviews must do more than approve or condemn. They must help us to analyze principles of style, force us to reconsider (even if we wind up affirming them) our first impressions, teach us how to know the dancer from the dance. In short, they must do precisely what Miss Croce has done here. LINDA BRIDGES



NIEMEYER

(Continued from page 1016)

in understanding [political] reality," manifesting itself in our failure to grasp the meaning of the Vietnam War, in our "hasty" capitulation, in the cultivation of a future enemy during World War II and the repetition of the same mistake now with China, in the loss of one land area after another and, finally, loss of command of the seas. Solzhenitsyn scolds us for this "blindness of superiority" which insists that all the world, to be fully civilized, must adopt our system and fails to realize that in our present "state of spiritual exhaustion" we are no longer a model attractive to the victims of Communism or the opponents of socialism. Like Amos he lists "warnings" which we let go by unheeded: the decadence of art, the lack of great statesmen, the prevalence of looters on the occasion of a great common emergency.

Buckley, likewise, gathers up the political into the spiritual dimension when he concludes: "You see what ought to be done, you shrink from the exertions required to do it, you compensate by elevating your rhetoric, whose inevitable hollowness subverts the very ideals that animated you." This experience he calls "Sisyphean in our time," "charging up the mountain only to come down again," and so inducing in one's self and others that weariness of which Chambers spoke.

The charge of failure to understand obviously lies against those who cannot or will not perceive that Solzhenitsyn and Buckley are speaking the truth, since they are not voicing a mere subjective opinion but invoking higher obligation against the background of a higher judgment. These two commencement speeches are remarkable not in that they sound somber when one expected them to be festive, but in that they are reverently obedient to higher meaning and courageous in facing the actions that need to be taken, and also have gentle concern for those who in a moment of youthful euphoria must be confronted with the "bitter truth" and with awesome duties. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Postmortem on the Nazis

On The Right

New York, July 26—At a recent panel discussion on the Nazi rally in Chicago, several points of interest emerged:

1. As a result of the sustained publicity given to the Nazis, did one have the opportunity to test their latent appeal? Certainly no one who hadn't known there was such a thing as a Nazi "movement" in America now knew it. Did the "$10 million of free publicity"—one always hears such figures mentioned, though it is hard to know if they have scientific meaning—substantially increase the rolls of the American National Socialist Party? The answer is no. However, this datum is insufficient proof that there is no latent sympathy in America for Nazi doctrines. The reason is that the kind of publicity achieved by the demonstrators was hardly evangelistic. Out of every thousand inches of copy devoted to the episode, probably not one relayed their noxious message. All one got on television, or in the press, was the placards postulating the racial superiority of the Aryans: pure slogans.

Now this is in sharp contrast with the exposure given a dozen years ago by *Playboy* magazine to the original American Nazi, George Lincoln Rockwell. Over a stretch of ten thousand words (parenthetically, the interviewer was Alex Haley, subsequently the author of *Roots*), Rockwell spun out his half-truths in monstrously plausible form. There were those (myself among them) who protested that kind of exposure given to the Nazi message. But a demonstration featuring merely the head of the boil isn't an effective instrument of proselytization: suggesting,

2. That the move to bar the demonstration was wrongheaded? The answer is in two parts. Pragmatically, it was. That is to say, the Nazi demonstration did very little harm. It did not make converts, and therefore did not bring the country a step closer to the point where advocates of interference only when there is clear and present danger would have had their day. The theoretical point however is not here accosted. Many of those who were willing to let the Nazis demonstrate were unwilling to concede the right of the government to forbid the demonstration. The most telling argument against the right of the demonstrators is that the United States bases its Constitution on the idea of a free society. What it is that constitutes a free society is susceptible to debate, but only within limits.

There is also a debate as to where those limits lie. But there shouldn't be a debate that they lie *somewhere*. And if they lie anywhere, they lie on the safe side of the proposition that all Jews should be incinerated. Professor Walter Berns in his superb book on the First Amendment makes the point that the notion that all ideas have a right to compete in the intellectual marketplace presupposes that any one idea has the right to win. Therefore if the Nazis have the right to argue, they have the right to assume power.

But if they do assume power, intolerable results follow. These results contradict the bases of the Declaration of Independence, namely that there are "self-evident" truths. If there is one self-evident truth, it is surely that genocide cannot be tolerated. Under the circumstances, the toleration of the Nazis' demonstration was exactly that—an indulgence, not a recognition of a constitutional right. Leaving unanswered the question:

3. Was there a cogent case against even the pragmatic toleration of the demonstration? The most succinct argument in support of such a thesis was made by columnist Garry Wills. He insisted that the relevant body of law "is not the First Amendment but the nuisance statutes. The Nazis are not engaged in the rational airing of views, but in the provoking of irrational (but predictable) responses. They are, in effect, broadcasting an obscene phone call to a whole neighborhood instead of a single house."

THE REASONING is persuasive. Though I am afraid to make a telephone call to establish that it is so, I assume that even the ACLU backs laws against individuals dialing a telephone number for the purpose of uttering random obscenities. This is among other things a violation of privacy. The march through Harlem by the KKK, or through Skokie by the Nazis, isn't the exercise of the right of assembly, but an obscene phone call acting as an impostor under the umbrella of the First Amendment. The final—unanswered—question is:

4. Isn't it so that when an intolerable political movement reaches the point where it constitutes a clear and present danger, it reaches also the point where as a practical matter it is impossible to stop it? Imagine trying to outlaw the Nazis in 1932. Or the Peronistas in 1945. Or, for that matter, the French, Italian, or Spanish Communists now. Against the consideration that pragmatic experience suggests we indulge the little tyrants, there is that other consideration that little tyrants sometimes—overnight—become big tyrants. The moral is that little boys/ Should not be given dangerous toys. □

THE PROBLEM OF ANDY YOUNG

New York, July 31—Bishop Muzorewa has been in town attempting to persuade key American politicians of the extravagant immoderation of our present policy of boycotting Rhodesia for the sin of failing to turn the country over to the guerrilla leaders, whose well-fed spokesmen in the field no longer kill missionaries for the purpose of eating them, satisfying themselves merely to kill them. Bishop Muzorewa, a black leader who has fought successfully for political freedom for his people against a regime far fiercer and more determined than any that ever stood in the way of Martin Luther King and Andrew Young, has spoken to key senators and commentators, and hopes he has made his point: that the economic persecution of Rhodesia is unwarranted, unjust, and hazardous to the prospects of a bi-racial society, which is what Rhodesia would become—the only such society in Africa, the rest being either black racist or white racist.

Why—Bishop Muzorewa was asked—has he not approached black leaders in America and asked them for their support? The Bishop hedged.

There is, you see, the problem of Andrew Young, conspicuously—perhaps most conspicuously—the figure in the Carter Administration who remains adamant in declining to give the present regime a chance. "It would seem" (I remarked to the Bishop) "the way things are going, if Andrew Young announced that a triangle had four sides, other

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black leaders in America would all nod their heads in agreement."

"If that is the case," said the Bishop—a highly skilled polemicist—"why do you suggest I should approach other black leaders?"

The point was neatly made. Why go after Ben Hooks of the NAACP, or Vernon Jordan of the Urban League, or Parren Mitchell of the Black Caucus—or even William Raspberry of the *Washington Post*—if they subscribe to the doctrine of the infallibility of Young? This, in effect, is what they have done, by registering their support of his most recent obscenity alleging that the United States and the Soviet Union are not sharply to be distinguished from one another in the light of our own political-prisoner population, and adding the grace note that in all probability the missionaries who were mutilated and slaughtered were so dealt with on secret instructions from Ian Smith. By that one remark, Andrew Young undermined whatever pressures the Carter Administration had succeeded in mobilizing in protest against the Shcharansky trial; and when Andrew Young emerged from the presidential woodshed mumbling his retractions, the damage was done.

He has not resigned, which would have been the dignified thing to do. And President Carter is afraid to fire him. Mitchell, the Black Caucus leader, was entirely straightforward. "In the event something untoward should happen to Andy Young, the black community will walk away from the Carter Administration."

THESE WORDS are grounds for general disconsolateness. I say this having ten years ago proposed (in *Look* magazine) that it would greatly benefit the United States, and more profoundly inter anti-black racism than any economic or legislative contrivance, if during the 1980s a black man were elected President of the United States. Andrew Young makes such a thing sheer fantasy. More properly, the combination of Andy Young and a constituency that regards fidelity to anything he says as the transcendent intellectual and moral obligation. It is said that the Jewish community has its Andy Young—the state of Israel. But the state of Israel is not—if you examine the analogy closely—Andy Young. It is true that if every prominent American Jewish leader were to accept as doctrinal every pronouncement of Menahem Begin, the analogy might be made. But there are many Jewish leaders who have criticized Begin's holy intransigence. Moreover, there are many Jews who are backing Begin because they fear that to fail to do so would be tantamount to letting Israel down. I believe them to be wrong (and, of course, the opposition in the Knesset devoutly believes them to be wrong). But the necessary point to make here is that if Carter were to fire Young, he would not be letting down the black people. There would not be implicit in such a dismissal any lack of concern for black civil rights, for black economic and social advancement. Indeed, Young could easily be replaced by a highly qualified black—the present director of the USIA, just to give one example.

What is harming the black community is not the prospective dismissal of Young for the best of reasons, but hanging on to him—as alleged representative of the American people—for the worst of reasons. Mr. Carter not only undermines his own authority, which is of incidental concern; he reinforces the conviction that thinking blacks will cease to think, and morally sensitive blacks will cease to discriminate—if the political fate of a single prominent black politician is at stake. As the voters of Harlem finally had enough of Adam Clayton Powell Jr. and let him go, unquestionably in due course the black voters of America would register their relief that the most prominent of their representatives had been removed from the podium whence he embarrasses all Americans by a blurred sense of reality and a tendency to mischievous, indeed sometimes revolting, allegations. □

AND THEN THE BAD NEWS

New York, Aug. 2—When is it okay to publish information which, if not officially classified, is, more accurately, unofficially unventilated? A young man of high technical skills and experience who is more concerned about the survival of the United States than the incumbent President writes in to pose the question.

"Suppose I read in articles in publications that Soviet production of Backfire bombers is 35 to fifty per year. Suppose I know that the actual production rate is over one hundred per year. Suppose I feel that the Administration has a vested interest (the SALT talks, etc.) in not informing the public of the true numbers. Is my obligation still to protect the information? Or is it rather to inform the public of a real threat posed by what now must be (by my calculation) over 240 bombers fresh off the line, and superior to any bomber we now have in service?" On the same day, one reads a dispatch from Drew Middleton in the *New York Times* referring to "disquiet among defense specialists in Congress and civilian experts." That disquiet is motivated by two concerns, one technical, the second political. At the technical level we are, quite simply, falling behind the Soviet Union to the point of critical technological inferiority. The second has to do with the dogmatic reluctance of the President, who single-handedly destroyed the B-1 program and the neutron bomb, to take compensatory action.

Mr. Middleton cites an "authoritative" study published last year in the *Congressional Record*, concluding that "by 1980 or 1981, depending on Soviet warhead yield, 12 to 60 per cent of land-based Soviet warheads could destroy at least 75 per cent, or 790, of the American missile silos, leaving thousands of Soviet warheads to be delivered to other targets. It is also concluded that if 4,285 American warheads, or 100 per cent of the U.S. land-based and sea-based ballistic missiles, were fired against the Soviet silos, some 200 of 1,300 Soviet silos would be destroyed." What all of this means is that the Soviet Union's procurement blitzkrieg is quickly giving it a first-strike capability. Translated, that means the Soviets could knock out our principal defense deterrent, leaving us with only a petulant retaliatory resource in our submarines.

Several weeks ago, my informant reminds me, *Aviation Week* called attention to two fraudulent reports, traceable to the Administration and tending to demonstrate that our Minuteman missile system is in fact not vulnerable to the Soviets and won't be for the foreseeable future. One of those reports was got out by a panel of unilateralists, and is intended to abort the MX missile. Neither takes into account the accuracy of the SS-18, which is estimated at 0.1 nautical miles. That is 600 feet, and the net meaning of this is that our 1,000 Minuteman silos are probably already vulnerable to a first strike.

If, however, we were to proceed with MX, we would have 150 to 300 new missiles. Their capability would make possible deploying them variably in 5,000 silos. The Soviet Union would never know, at any given moment, in which of the 5,000 caravansaries our missiles were passing the night. They would need, therefore—in order to achieve a first-strike capability—6,000 ICBMs. They couldn't procure that many without giving up vodka, and that would be too much to ask, even in the name of world revolution.

The elimination of the B-1 reduced the famed triad (Minuteman, bombers, submarines) to two systems. The vulnerability of the Minuteman threatens to reduce us to the submarines. "I almost hate to mention it," the young specialist concludes, "but the average ballistic missile sub is 17 years old. Unless I am mistaken, they were designed to last twenty years." Fortunately, the mandate of 1976 is designed to last only four years. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A highly desirable person of the opposing sex — 44 31 54 167 131 87 175 18 169

B. A German colonel — 59 182 61 124 195 192

C. A dog found in one of the Scandinavian countries — 62 27 56 142 152 117 199 133 161 155 / 67 90 94 40 15 48 75

D. Men's apparel not found in monasteries — 66 113 26 185 5 187 165 159

E. Part of a Londoner's breakfast — 82 32 137 122 138 186 2 20 65 148 / 46 103 109

F. SIN CAR LOST — 118 99 139 171 184 189 16 95 104 110

G. Sybaritic — 17 115 106 9 176 76 63 197 126

H. A city in Washington — 85 42 69 7 125 55

I. The forward end of a rocket or missile — 34 12 25 30 97 14 41 50

J. To sanction — 88 78 100 116 150 178 157 1 47

K. An Ottoman could take this in America — 129 158 170 22 33 140 102 114 141 174 / 166

L. What the Cleveland manager uses to direct his players — 135 36 83 111 121 164 168 191 35 188

M. A capital city almost straight north of Washington, D.C. — 147 6 64 194 19 183

N. Stationery — 151 163 179 70 52 21 107 172 120

O. Cognizant — 51 93 73 92 3

P. These are among the household gods — 43 123 98 23 57

Q. Stopped — 173 108 77 68 101 71 160 10

R. Void — 181 149 53 8 81

S. A hasty departure — 13 24 45 89 156 180 79 91 119 112 / 130

T. Transport — 190 29 128 74 37 144 134

U. A river in Quebec — 200 177 38 198 86 193 143 153

V. Any of several yuccas — 96 196 4 28 39 49 72 84 80 127 / 162 136 146 58

W. Field where a large diamond was formerly located — 105 60 154 11 145 132

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1038 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 J	2 E	3 O		4 V	5 D	6 M	7 H	8 R	9 G	10 Q	11 W		12 I	13 S		14 I
15 C	16 F		17 G	18 A	19 M	20 E	21 N	22 K	23 P	24 S	25 I		26 D	27 C	28 V	29 T	30 I	31 A
32 E	33 K	34 I	35 L		36 L	37 T	38 U	39 V	40 C	41 I	42 H	43 P		44 A	45 S	46 E	47 J	48 C
49 V	50 I		51 O	52 N	53 R	54 A	55 H	56 C	57 P		58 V	59 B		60 W	61 B		62 C	63 G
64 M		65 E	66 D	67 C	68 Q	69 H	70 N		71 Q	72 V	73 O	74 T		75 C	76 G	77 Q	78 J	79 S
80 V	81 R	82 E	83 L		84 V	85 H		86 U		87 A	88 J	89 S	90 C	91 S	92 O		93 O	94 C
95 F		96 V	97 I	98 P	99 F	100J	101Q		102K	103E	104F		105W	106G	107N	108Q	109E	110F
111L	112S	113D		114K	115G	116J	117C	118F	119S	120N	121L	122E	123P	124B	125H		126G	127V
128T	129K	130S	131A		132W	133C	134T	135L	136V	137E		138E	139F	140K		141K		142C
143U	144T	145W	146V		147M	148E		149R	150J	151N	152C	153U		154W	155C	156S	157J	158K
159D	160Q		161C	162V		163N	164L	165D		166K	167A	168L		169A	170K	171F	172N	173Q
	174K	175A		176G	177U	178J		179N	180S	181R		182B	183M	184F	185D		186E	187D
188L	189F	190T		191L	192B		193U	194M	195B		196V	197G	198U		199C	200U		

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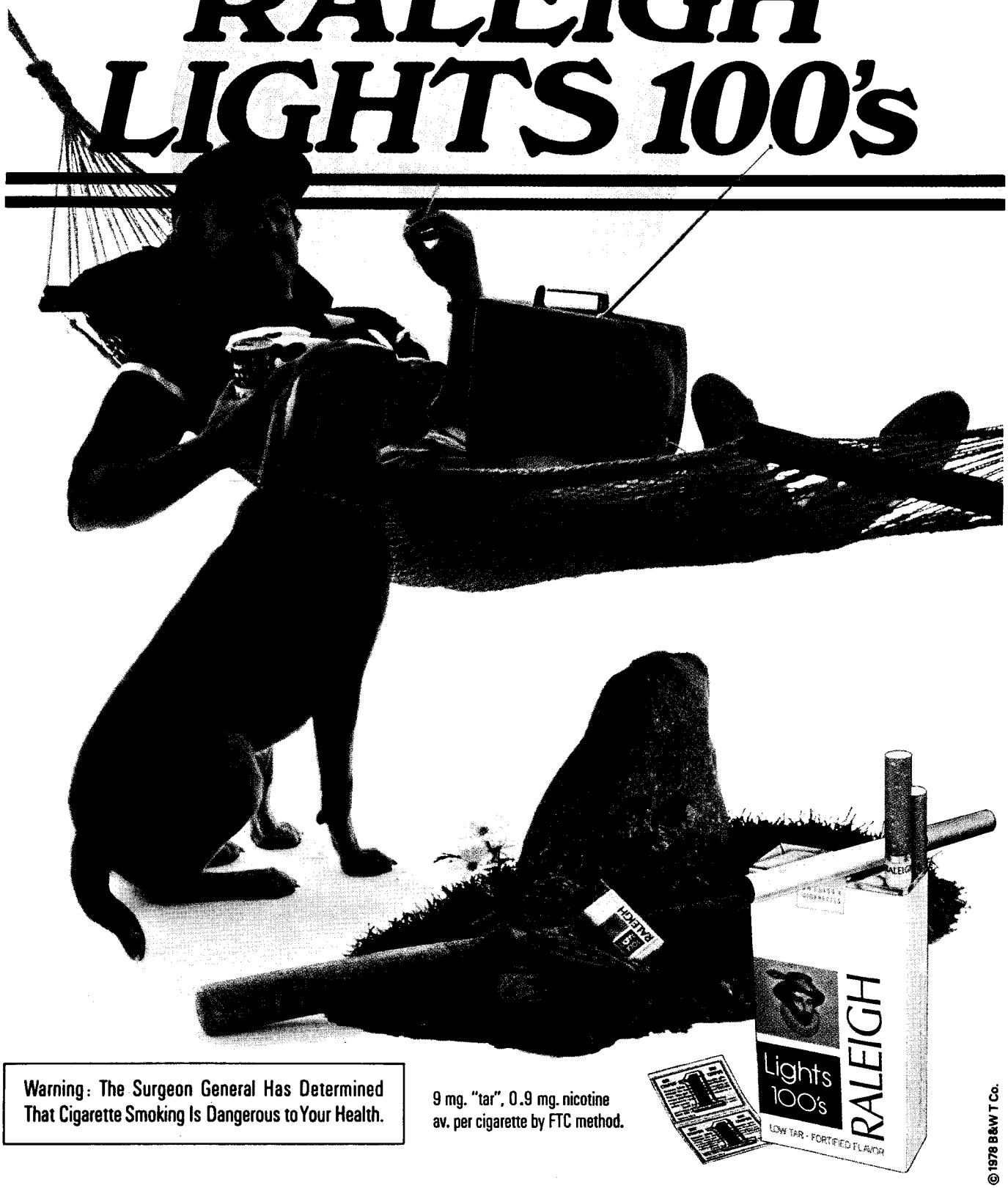

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